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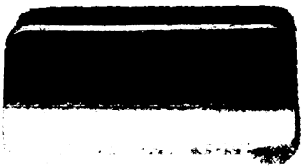

POEMS.

THE

VILLAGE CHURCHYARD;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

LADY EMMELINE STUART-WORTLEY.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.

1835.

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TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS,

THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

MADAM,

The gracious permission which your Royal Highness has granted me, to dedicate this little volume to you, is but a continuation of the condescending kindness which I have ever experienced from your Royal Highness. But I trust that your Royal Highness will do me the justice to believe, that this fact tends only to increase my grateful sense of your Royal Highness's present indulgent kindness. I have had one other object in soliciting the permission to which I have alluded—and it is, the opportunity thereby afforded me of offering my humble, though

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heartfelt tribute of admiration, of the many virtues by which your Royal Highness is endeared to the British Nation.

I have the honour to remain,

MADAM,

With the highest respect,

Your Royal Highness's most faithful, most obliged, and most devoted Servant,

E. C. E. STUART WORTLEY.

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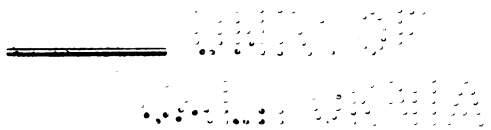
THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.



Old, dim Churchyard! I greet thee, while I feel
Thy sobering, saddening influence o'er me steal
With half a painful, half a pleasing power,
Ev'n in the lustrous glow of this glad hour.
The morning's warm luxuriance of delight
Meets here a solemn check, a dreamy blight,
Ev'n from this haunted spot! Yet, while we own
The pensive gloom around these precincts thrown,
A gentle vein of calm and tender thought
Is to the entranced mind serenely brought.—

A mournful place it is! The long grass waves
Freshly and wildly o'er the hamlet's graves:
Sad in the midst, a ruined church-tower stands,
Long since, by bold and sacrilegious bands,
Defaced and desecrated; and by hands
Deemed pious!—'t was the Commonwealthsmen laid
These altars bare, and sternly disarrayed
The House of God of all its seemly show,
Daring those dedicated walls to o'erthrow.
And now, how sadly touching is the scene
Where Peace dwells deep, where fiery War hath been!
Ruin and Death, here join in ghastly state,
And look in Day's bright face with gloomy hate;
But Death and Ruin yet shall view a day
Which must dissolve their icy bonds away!

How vainly the Earth's green, flowery robe seems
spread,
Even like a royal mantle, round the dead!
Vainly for *them*, in truth;—for *us*, not so;
Since gently cheering is the vernal glow,
The fresh and living beauty spread around,
The balmy odours rising from the ground.
Ay! by these fairy-like, slight wilding-flowers,
Nature's sweet nurselings, the offspring of glad
hours,
Exuberantly glorified each tomb,
Each lowly mound appears; their bright, soft bloom
Doth clothe the dust in a divine array,
Embalming, sanctifying dull decay—
And soothing, softening all our moody fears,
Until the cheek is wet with peaceful tears.

For ghastly images, that haunt us there,
Bringing bright images all pure and fair,—
Hopes, blossoming with those blossoms; thoughts serene,
That share the holy quiet of the scene.
Thus, gentle influences with solemn blend;
Thus, peaceful visions soothe us, and befriend:
We look beyond life's cloud-encircled end——
On death, indeed, we muse; but while we muse,
Invest it with more soft, more lovely hues,
And see the Angel standing by the grave,
To guard, to bless, to hallow, and to save!
Oh! Death and Love—oh! Love and Death—how close
Ye cling in the fierce war-embrace of foes!
How sadly, strangely ye 're together twined
For ever on the earth—how do ye bind

The myrtle and sad cypress in one wreath,
In joyless union leagued;—Love! Love and Death!
Old, green Churchyard! but rustic tombs are found
Within the precincts of your hallowed ground:
No cypress trees o'erhang these mossy graves,
With their dark glory of funereal leaves;
No laboured monuments attesting rise
Between Man's sacred ashes and the Skies;
No lengthened and elaborated phrase,
With prodigality of specious praise,
Scoring the marble o'er some slumbering head,
Misleads the Living here, and mocks the Dead:
No mouldering banners hang, in idle pride,
These simple tombs, these rustic graves beside;
Nor sculptured mourner here for ever stands,
With urn uplifted in the uplifted hands;—

These things are found not here; they are not found
Within the precincts of this hallow'd ground.
But mighty is the neighbourhood of death—
Mighty to chain the thoughts—to hush the breath—
To check the very pulses in their play,
And stop the wanderer on his onward way—
Mighty to arrest the Fancy's rapid wings—
To chill the quick and freely gushing springs
Of thought and feeling, in the heart and mind;
And yet to make them purer, more refined;
More stainless, and more innocently clear,
Though trembling, gathering, shrinking to a tear!
The golden summer heavens, with roseate flush,
Make the earth a glory now—and the air, a blush;
The whispering breezes, soft and fragrant, pass,
Ruffling to gentlest waves the murmurous grass;

The mirthful song-birds fill the dreamy calm
With music, that might fall like blessed balm
Of healing influence on the wrung heart's wounds,
The soul's sore hurts,—so heavenly are the sounds!
On every side the laughing sunbeams play,
Ev'n o'er that ruined church-tower coldly grey;
On every side they sparkling, shoot, and dance—
Each glowing charm of nature to enhance—
In unobstructed freedom: (no bowered shades,
No leafy canopies, no close arcades,
Here form a rich and labyrinthine mass,
Through which the delicate breeze doth sighing pass—
Through which the sunbeam, like a scymetar,
Making each dew-drop glitter like a star,
Its luminous way in joyous triumph cleaves!—
Piercing the enwreathed perplexity of leaves—

The Gordianed knots of thick-pleached, matted
boughs—
As the keen arrow its sharp passage ploughs!)
In vain for man, this fair and full display
Of splendours and delights, in glad array:
In vain for man,—since Death, strong Death, is nigh—
The all-shadowing gloom, the great arch-mystery!
His wrecks, his spoils, his ghastly trophies drear,
Saddening the spot, frown all too sternly near.
Apostrophising him in the atmosphere
Of his dread presence, with fond sighs, we stand,
And own his sway of mystical command!
And mighty is his neighbourhood, in truth,
The soul's impetuous waves to lull and smoothe.
O, Death! thou haughtiest, and thou mightiest One!—
Thou that makest all this rolling world thy throne,

And circlest round the sun—the glorious sun—
Still with the circling earth! intent to run,
With shining worlds, the high and wondrous race—
Casting thy shadows in that sun's bright face,
And challenging his warm rays to revive
The unconscious dust, that once did breathe and live!
Thou draggest thy victims pitilessly down,
Where lowers black midnight's heaviest, blackest frown;
Where no commiserable friends may come
To soothe or share the horrors of their doom,
Until they shrink into a mutual tomb!
Thou hold'st the glass up to the Bright—the Fair—
To the most Beautiful; and mirror'd there

They see themselves, until they shrink aghast,
And own their black deformity at last.—
And thou too beggarest, wholly beggarest those
Whose coffers groaned with treasure—whose repose
Was broken up by fear of midnight-thieves!
Thou beckonest,—and at once the Trembler leaves
The amassed and glittering wealth he loved so well,
To lie down in the cold and narrow cell,
In naked destitution; while, behold!
The spoiler and the spendthrift seize his gold!
His counsel is not asked, nor his consent,
On plans and on designs self-nurtured bent,
They speed from hand to hand the coin he stored,
For use, or avarice' unproductive hoard!—
Thou biddest the young, the thoughtless, and the gay,
From the fair scenes of joyance come away;

And straightway that harsh mandate they obey:
And, for the halls of Pleasure—for the sound
Of harps, the blaze of lamps, the ringing bound
Of dancers' feet, the festal wreaths of flowers,
The honeyed converse of those brilliant hours,
The gay carousal of the banquet-room,
The song, the laugh, the splendour, the perfume—
They have the sullen stillness of the tomb!
Thou stopp'st the Conqueror on his high career:
Thou breathest, and his laurels all grow sere;
And, withering, leave his brow for *thy* deep cloud,
Beneath whose heavy gloom 't is darkly bowed.
He loved the rustling banners—the shrill blast
Of brazen trumpets, pealing far and fast—
The loud, full war-cry;—*now*, he shuddering hears
Thy still, small voice, low-murmuring in his ears:

His mind preyed on Excitement! — chastened, schooled,
That mind is now; that fiery Thought is cooled;
And, tamed by dull Exhaustion, low he bends,
And wild Ambition's hope for ever ends!
He was a lover of the war-array;
And joyed to gaze, upon the battle-day,
Along the martial lines, the glorious tide
Of billowy-heaving chivalry's plumed pride.
But *now*, to this he shuts his heavy eyes;
And midst thy midnight-gloom of shadows lies!
Nor shall the trumpet's clang, the banner's sweep,
The steed's loud tramp—e'er rouse him more from sleep.
Death! all of great, of glorious, and of high,
Submits to *thee*, beneath the o'er-arching sky.

Valour takes thee for his undoubted lord;

To *thee* yields up his red and reeking sword;

And vails to thee his proudly nodding plume,

That shone through Battle's dull, sulphureous gloom.

And Sorrow—unto thee, pale Sorrow brings

The last, wild, desperate hope to which she clings;

The shrouded agonies of long, long years;

And all the costly treasures of her tears:

Haply, to her more dear than glittering mass

Of gold in miser's eyes!—Alas, alas!

And this for ever *is*—for ever *was*—

For ever *shall be*;—yet, not so! Away!—

Forefend the ignoble thought: there comes a day—

An awful day; there comes a solemn hour—

When this shall *not* be; when the fearful power,

Long delegated, kingly Death! to *thee*—
The Pride, the Victory, and the Sovereignty—
Shall be reft from thee—and for evermore:
When thou shalt render back—shalt all restore,
The treasures thou hadst silently amassed;—
And the Tremendous Secret of the Past
Shalt yield up—shalt unlock!—from *Thee* and *Night*
Released, to Revelation and the Light.
Then, Mighty Mightiest One! even *thou* shalt learn
Utter submissiveness; 't will be thy turn
To start—to shrink—to tremble and to fail;
To yield—and like thy meanest victim, quail!
But *now*, the signs and tokens of thy sway
Are ever round us; so we may not stray
O'er the green, laughing bosom of our earth,
Without thy mournful hints to mar our mirth:

Still the discoloured flower, the withering leaf,
The fading rainbow, the red sunset brief,
The exhausted fountain, and the vanishing cloud—
Remind us of the charnel-house and shroud.
And let it be so!—yea, so be it still;
Since lordly man must die, let *thy* cords thrill
Oh, Nature! with a sympathetic swell—
Yes! strange and wondrous as it is, 't is well.
Painful 't would be, to mark the unfading flower,
Free from the sway of Nature's changeful hour,
Amidst the haunts whence Love's reluctant heart
Hath, aching, known its precious things, depart;—
Painful, to mark the immortal rose take root
From the dull burial-sod, where, cold and mute,
The friends—the sweet friends of our youth, perchance,
Are laid, in dreamless rest, in hopeless trance;—

Bitter, to see the rainbow's tints endure,
When gentle hues, more delicately pure—
Hues of young hope, of love and calm delight—
Fade, alter, vanish from our longing sight—
When the warm flush on Beauty's brow dies fast,
As though too lovely, and too loved, to last—
The spiritually soft and tender streak
Grows dim on Youth's smooth, efflorescent cheek;—
Mournful, to view the fabric of a cloud
Stand strong,—while bow the stately and the proud
To the Destroyer,—and the exhaustless spring
Its rainbowed spray fantastically fling,
In joy around; so, scattering everywhere
Freshness and Promise:—yea! save only there,

Where *our* Life's promise withered, faded, shrunk,
Like some sweet star, midst vapoury cloud-wreaths sunk;—
Where *our* Soul's living freshness, parched, destroyed,
Left the earth a desert, and this life a void!
That Freshness and that Promise—which nor rain,
Nor breeze, nor sunshine, can restore again:
And sad 't would be, a never-setting sun,
To view, when hopes are few, and joys are none;
When Desolation yawns our footsteps round,
And throbs the bosom, with some recent wound—
Sad, strangely sad, these things would be in sooth,
And well it is, 't is not so! the great Truth
Is shadowed forth—'t is mirrored, echoed, blent
With all things, wheresoe'er our steps are bent—

Our looks are cast, our thoughts are drawn—
and man
Is minded still, his life is but a span!
Young bard! bring here thy many-sounding lyre,
Instinct with Kingly Harmonies; respire,
This gravely-pleasing air, till high and higher
Its starry themes shall soar, its matchless themes;
And all the passion of mysterious dreams,
That stir thy frame with rapture—thence shall gain
A holier, deeper might,—till thy high strain
Of soul-electrifying fire and force,
Shall rush, like torrents on their sounding course,
While thou this air respirest, fraught with death,
If Faith, deep Faith breathe, kindling on *thy* breath;
Faith—nursing-mother of the Soul supreme,
Bearing it up through many a wildering dream,

Through many a sharp-besetting, haunting ill,

Supporting it, and cherishing it still;

Unfolding endless vistas to its view;

Unfolding them, illuminating too—

Making that soul bright Concord's haunt serene,

A tranquil ark of rest; a cloudless scene;

And while within its depths all conflicts cease—

A perfect Paradise of inborn peace!

And strengthening it, to steer through billowy time

Unhurt, untired, by such high aid sublime

Sustained; so shall it fail not, nor secede,

Until it gains the goal and wins the meed;

So shall it never droop, nor shrink, nor yield,

Till it hath laboured out life's hard-won field.

Yea! Faith; if thou exalt the poet's mind,
If thy pure wealth be in its depths enshrined,
If thou 'rt its holy guest, and thou its guide
'Mongst life's bleak wildernesses, wild and wide!
Then, then shall it be girt with solemn power,
And win a high and everlasting dower;
And put on glory, and firm strength assume,
And in Hope's daring, calm defy the Tomb,
(For ev'n Death's strange deformity shall fail
To wring with fear, hearts clad in that pure mail!)
Then, then shall it the palm of Victory snatch,
And INSPIRATION'S loftiest fervours catch,
That breathes most rich contagion on the air,
Above, beneath, around us, everywhere,
If but the sense be quickened to perceive,
The heart to feel, to acknowledge, to believe;

Then shall it mount rejoicingly on high,
And shoot the gulphs of time and tread the sky.
Bring here thy haughty-sounding lyre, young Bard!
And its fine chords shall send through night the starred,
Or noon the cloudless—or the dreamy calm
Of twilight, bathed with odorous dews of balm—
A deep compelling tone, a conquering sound,
Wakening the solitary echoes round.
For is not this the Treasure-hold, the Field
Which shall to Heaven the immortal harvest yield?
Is not this narrow Kingdom of the Past,
The only kingdom that secure shall last?—
These subterranean strong-holds of the Tomb,
The barriered haunts, where Death no more can come?

Shall not the dust beneath thy feet that lies—
To put on splendour, and great strength arise?
Yea! a compelling and victorious strain
Send forth—send fearless forth! a solemn vein
Shall run through that proud Harmony; rejoice—
And lift in triumph up thy potent voice!
Breathings of Immortality shall burn
Through every hymn-note! showered as from an urn
Clear waters might be showered—fast, fresh, and bright,
From thy rich lyre-strings — strains of the Living Light,
Quick dreams of Fire, winged words of the arrowy Wind—
The arrowy Wind—that leaves e'en Thought behind;
Tones of the surging Tide—the dark and strong,
Out-swelling, loud, reverberating, long—

Shall stream—till Nature's self shall mix her voice
With thine! Pour forth thy strain! be strong! rejoice!
A strain, such as the morning stars—the sons
Of power and glory, sang with their full tones,
(Till all the heights and depths gave forth reply—
Earth, Ocean, Air, and all the listening Sky,)
With their fresh, mighty voices—deep and pure,
O'er a Creation that doth still endure,
In all its pristine pride of strength, light, bloom—
As it contained no ashes—bore no tomb;
As though no marks were scored upon its breast,
Where battling elements in fierce unrest
Careered of old—and in their savage wrath,
Too oft left nought but deserts in their path;
Where fulminating forth its fiats dread,
The horrent Tempest, mad and ravening, spread;

Where subterranean fires—fires, deep enshrined
In the Earth's own heart of hearts, slow undermined,
Foundations of her capital cities, strewed
In riddled ashes o'er th' awed solitude,
Those dire memorials on her surface traced
Themselves are in their turn destroyed, effaced-
By after-growths exuberant—thus behold,
How oft while Ages their vast wings unfold,
Are brightly blotted out, those blots of old!
Are not these things enough to awake, to inspire?
To bid high Poet themes swell ampler, higher?
To make the mind that hath their truth avowed,
Transcendently more lofty and more proud;
And with rich kindlings of amazement fraught—
To bid outleap the young Bard's glowing thought,

Until that thought streams like some beamy zone,
Round the sun's self! and glory not its own
Lends it even in the pride of purple noon—
When changeless it appears,—to set how soon!
Though Death hath battled with this world so long;
Still, oh! how fresh, how vivid, and how strong
Its store of boundless charms it doth display,
And spread exulting to the light of day.
Elastic from his touch it springs,—behold!
His very haunts steeped in the burning gold
Of flowery bloom—his footsteps bathed in light;
As though Earth laughed in mockery, and despite
Of all the accumulated ills she had borne
From his strong hand, since her creation morn.
Lo! she receives him as an honoured guest,
Decked in a shining and resplendent vest—

Nor doth remit one glory, nor one charm,
While thick around, her glowing wild-flowers swarm;
And his approach with fearless smiles she greets,
All rife and redolent of breathing sweets.
These living, breathing sweets, that never cloy!
For Dust and Ashes—Beauty, Splendour, Joy;
For aching Emptiness—Luxuriance wild;
For noxious Vapours—Freshness undefiled;
For loathsome, black Corruption's treacherous stealth,
Fragrance, and Purity, and radiant Wealth
She brightly gives—nor in this quiet spot,
Is that calm glory or that grace forgot!——
Ay, Poet! hither come! a freshness laves
These unpretending, humble Churchyard graves,—
A freshness found not, where refulgent shrines
Tower 'midst the Tomb's veiled tenants—and where

shines

The pomp of funeral splendours—by the light
Of ever-burning lamps, that make the night
Of Shadows and of Death more fearful still;
And teach the gazer's pulse more painfully to thrill!
Here, fair is noon in sunshine or in showers,
Lovely is evening here at shut of flowers—
Lovely the lull of night in star-light hours.
(Oh, fairest hours! when those deep stars appear,
Eternity outshining from each sphere—
The orb'd crowns and palms, the arch-roses and the flowers,
The golden trophies and the eternal towers
Of no frail earth-born Sovereigns! Not to fade—
And not to be cast down nor reft—were made
Those glories of the everlasting skies;
But still to shine, in mortals', angels' eyes—

—By no o'erwhelming bolt nor lightnings riv
The burning, golden Heraldry of Heaven!)
And the red kindling of bright Morning's smiles—
(Repulsed from shadowy old cathedral-aisles,
And damp chill vaults, and charnel-galleries dark—
Where *they* that once were mighty, cold and stark
Repose; with crests and banners, o'er their tombs
Mournfully glimmering, through the impending glooms,)—
Glows here, as shot from cloudless worlds above
Whose circumambient air's the breath of Love!
And every season here hath its own charm
To soothe the mind, to win, and to disarm.
Even Winter, harsh, and boisterous, and severe,
Appears to doff his sternest terrors here;

And softly, softly o'er these grass-graves fall
His noiseless snows—a pure and dazzling pall
For those who sleep beneath — more fair, more bright,
That glittering sheet of clear and cloudless white,
Than thick embroidered massive pall of state,
Whose gorgeous crimson gloom, hangs like a weight
On dim, rich antique pavements;—and the Spring!
The sweet, sweet Spring! her days of flowering bring
The hues of Hope to this spot's green repose—
Death's desert laughs, and blossoms like the rose,
When she in Heaven and Earth—smiles, breathes, and glows!
Red Summer, too, her festal skies divine,
Like a magnific roof, hung o'er it shine—

And Autumn casts a golden, golden gleam
Athwart the scene, then melts off like a dream!

Dim Churchyard Graves! a thousand thoughts ye bring,
And o'er them all a misty lustre fling—
And round them all, a dubious charm ye cast,
Whether of present, future, or the past.
The present! what hath that to do beside
These sad and solemn mounds, wherein abide
The Beings of lost years? and yet, is 't not
The key-stone and the main-spring of our lot?
The hinge, the link, the bridge? hath time not shewn
'T is all in truth, that we can call OUR OWN?
And on that mighty Present, must depend
The everlasting Future; the great end

Of all our hopes, our dreams, and our desires—

Snatch it, embrace it now, ere it expires—

Embrace it—ah! it vanishes, it dies!

Not so! with its dread burthen fast it flies,

And with its mighty message to the skies!

'T is of more value than the Orient's mines

Wherein the red gold flames, the diamond shines—

Of more transcendent worth, and precious more,

Than fruitful lands, or riches' boundless store;

Than wealth of kingdoms, or than spoils of war.

And oh! how melts it from our hold, how fast

It sinks away, and mingles with the Past.

Seize it, and strain it with a giant's grasp!

Still 't will, receding, 'scape from that strong clasp—

But so shalt thou triumphantly extort
Its preciousness and value, in such sort
That thine shall be its highest, holiest worth,
By those keen efforts joyfully drawn forth.
Mystery! that dost thy shadowy threads entwine,
With Life's vast woof, in many a mazy line.
Oh, Mystery, Mystery! thou art all we see;
All that we ARE, or HAVE BEEN, or SHALL BE!
Thy veil, thy cloud, dost thou for ever cast,
O'er Future, Present, and the silent Past!
Yet man still labours to extend thy reign;
And cloud with thee what shines most brightly plain.
So will not I; but with meek, teachable eyes,
Read the unclasp'd volume of the Earth and Skies.

Oh, Heaven!—the things most hidden from our sight,
Hast thou displayed, in characters of light!
The astounding truths the unaided thought had failed
To scale, or ev'n to touch, hast thou unveiled!
Oh, Heaven!—the things we see not, thou hast made
To be in more than sunshine's blaze arrayed:
Those things, which are from mortal ken concealed,
Hast thou, through lips inspired, declared—revealed;
Revealed to all, if, with Faith's steadfast eye,
They gaze!—then Doubt, and darkling Mystery,
Yield up the cloudy terrors of their reign;
And all that MOST imports shines forth MOST BRIGHTLY PLAIN!

And YE! pale, sheeted tenants of these tombs—
Arisen from Life's dull yoke, and various dooms;
Could YE, for one deep moment, but return
To this fair Earth, how much might we not learn
From the unsealing of those long-locked lips!—
Much that should melt chill Mystery's dense eclipse!
Much that should pierce the soul, and wake and rouse
Ev'n from the dwellers in this lowly house
Of death, where silent generations meet,
Nor break the silence, each new guest to greet!
Here sleeps, perchance, the infant, whose warm breath
A lightning-moment played—then sank in death:

That lived; but of deep human life knew nought;
Unconscious all of feeling, or of thought:
Whose ray of being, trembling into dawn,
Was seen one instant, and the next withdrawn.
Oh! surely, surely blessed, to depart
Ere one sharp pang had wrung the awakening heart!
Surely, most favoured, to be brightly spared
The troubled fates such countless throngs have
shared!
To be thus wafted,—thus dissolved away,
Ere stained by contact with this human clay:
By conscious contact; for that unmatured,
That dawning soul knew not 't was thus immured.
And now, that youthful spirit may have soared
Where Angels have stood still; and saints, adored,
With breathlessness of adoration—(poured

In fervent silence, and with thrilling awe)—
And gazed on more than Prophet-Elders saw,
In times of old;—whether in visions deep,
Vouchsafed unto their richly-broken sleep;
Or in the passion of some raptured trance—
When Mystery's depths lay bared before their glance
Some dread Apocalypse—some waking dream,
Ethereal, and refulgent, and supreme;
Hurling its dazzling glories on their sight,
Sublime: at once, a Darkness and a Light!
Yea! that young, sinless spirit may have flown,
Where spread the blazing shadows round The Throne!

Here, Woman—woman the devoted, lies.—
Love, and her fervent spirit, to yon rich skies

Together took their high, their joyful way,

To hail, at last, the pure and perfect day!

Here, Woman—woman the devoted, sleeps.—

No more Love's vigil, Care's keen watch she keeps:

No more shall fear on her heart's pulses press;

Nor her unconquerable tenderness

Weigh down her head of beauty, nor enchain

Her life with feelings too akin to pain:

No more Dissimulation shall beguile;

Nor Treachery smile, and murder with a smile;

Nor base Ingratitude contemn and spurn;

Nor Faithlessness consign her soul to mourn!

But that bright, winged, and starry nature, blest

At once with freedom, triumph, and with rest,

Rejoins its kindred spirits; and resigns
Each care, that with humanity entwines.
Oh, Woman!—hast thou not for ever been
Pilgrim and Martyr of Earth's troublous scene?
The wandering Dove, expelled from its high home;
Condemned, how oft! o'er wilds and wastes to roam!
The sorrows of the affections—deep and true,
Have scathed thee still, with heart-wounds ever new.
The sorrows of the affections—warm and wild,
And mightiest in a bosom undefiled,
Which beats with lofty and with lovely zeal—
But for ANOTHER'S nearer, dearer weal—
Its whole existence but to ENDURE; to FEEL—
Its ALL of FEELING—ONE bright torrent—poured
In ONE pure channel, ruled by powers adored.

In luxury of devotedness, sublime,

Thou 'st moved, sweet Exile! thus, through stormy time,

Sweet Exile!—bright Exotic!—tasked to bear

This hollow life's too barren, bitter air.

Do not all pure enchantments meet in thee,

That frame a Universe of Majesty?

Are not the Orient's sun-bursts full enshrined

In thy deep glance? Dost thou not brightly bind

Thy brow with starry glories? Dost thou not seem

Complexioned with the morning, when her beam

Is cloudless; and the clear, transparent air,

Doth only sunshine, rosy sunshine, wear?

And doth not thy most richly precious hair,

Bear, upon every bright and burnished fold,

The dazzling lustres of the shining gold?

Doth not the festal, beatific rose,
Along thy cheek its tenderest tints disclose?
And all this for the cold world—colder dust?
Oh! Woman makes not this bleak earth her trust!
In life, to deathless Love her faith is given;
And, to the unfailing guardianship of Heaven,
Each narrower hope (if aught of narrow dwells
In that devoted bosom's secret cells),
Each more self-centred trust, each closer view,
Is tranquilly resigned: the fond, the true,
The meekly brave, the unalterably kind—
So moves o'er earth; and doth serenely bind
A holy armour round her fragile frame:
And though, alas! through wrong, through scorn, through blame,

Haply, her pathway may be found to lead;
That holy armour proves defence indeed!

And not because of meek extraction, these,
Whose grass-graves murmur to the tuneful breeze,
Did they, in their calm sphere, less brightly move;
Less blessed by nature, or less true to love.
The Peasant's ancestorial threshold-stone,
His hearth, his board,—had all around them thrown
A light, from that pure presence: the soft smile
Of loving woman meekly did beguile
The languid weariness of the evening hour,
When sought the o'er-laboured Hind the household bower.
The fascinations of her radiant glance—
The affectionate sweetness of her countenance—

The angelic modulations of her voice—
Bade weariness, and care itself, rejoice;
And gently lulled the harassing train of woes
That wait upon the poor, to calm repose:
So like some violet, whose rich, dreamy scent
Emparadises all the element;
(The embracing element of silvery air,
So fraught and laden with those odours rare;)
Hidden in leafy nook, unseen—remote—
While round its haunts those blessed breathings
float!
Might woman—humble, holy woman—seem,
The Grace, the Charm, the Gladness, and the
Dream
In the still homesteads, where the Peasant dwells;
'Midst the dim woods, or in the sheltered dells!

Old, green Churchyard! what mournful stillness
sleeps
Upon you, and around!—those mouldering heaps,
Those silent mounds, with wordless eloquence
They preach unto the heart, and chase vain dreams
from thence.
Humble indeed is this sequestered spot;
But shared they not Humanity's dim lot,
Who dwell therein? Yea! closely do they bear
Relationship to all the Sons of Care!
The tenants of these lowly tombs have ties
Of brotherhood with every corse—that lies
Awaiting that tremendous judgment-call
Addressed to each—and understood by all
Beneath Earth's surface, in the silent dust,
Where sunbeam pierces not, nor sweeping gust:

Whether it be in churchyards green and lone—
Like this, beneath the grey and mouldering stone;
Or where up-soar the heaven directed spires,
From proud Cathedrals, like Man's high desires—
(Meeting half-way the lightning's arrowy fires;
As though to deprecate the Almighty Wrath
Of Heaven—to stay them on their ruthless path—
Those fearful messengers of Fate and Death,
And sheathe them, as a reeking sword ye sheathe,)
—From proud Cathedrals, midst great cities' Towers—
Where ceaseless tumult fills the busy hours,—
Whether where Europe's fertile landscapes spread,
Or Afric's skies display their sultry red—
Or green Columbia's world of shade expands —
Or brightly shine the old, Royal glorious lands

Of golden Asia! (once how proud, how great,
How beautiful ev'n in her fallen estate—
Yea! beautiful as when enthroned she sate.
Though all her constellated Glories proud,
Are shrunk, and folded in a covering cloud—
And reft are all the triumphs of her reign;
Alas, that Empire's proudest beams should wane!
And mortals, mortals dare impeach their lot,
And marvel they *should be*, and straight *are not!*
Loved to be lost, and known to be forgot!)
Or, 'mongst th' old, stern, high mountain-solitudes—
Amidst the straights, or by the swelling floods—
Or in the glooms of dark resounding woods,
Finding that deep, unbroken, full repose,
Pause of all pain, and end of all their woes;

Or where the desert's sterile breadths outstretch,
And sandy columns 'whelm the prostrate wretch;
Or in bright spice-isles, 'midst the ocean set,
Round which the blue waves creep with murmurous fret,
Whose fresh scents bid the sailor not forget
His native mother-earth's own fragrant breast;
But woo him, hail him, like a welcome guest—
And softly speed on willing winds a charm,
To glad the gentle, and the stern disarm;
Or from their native air, their native earth—
Afar—and from those scenes they loved from birth—
Shroudless and tombless, the loud waves beneath,
Of that dread Sea—stern element of wrath!
That mighty Ocean—where the tribes of death

Lie, hid from every eye—from dream and thought;

Yes! where lost thousands unrestored, unsought,

Lie hid from the rejoicing, golden skies,

And all their rich and dazzling mysteries—

The Sun's great countenance, in strength arrayed,

The beatific brightness there displayed!

But there shall surely come that awful day,

Which shall dissolve the watery worlds away—

And Time's impetuous flight at once suspend;

And in one dire confusion sternly blend

The affrighted elements, till Chaos spread

Afresh her boundless horrors, doubly dread—

And make the great Stars lour forth dim and dun,

Like fragment-reliques of a ruined Sun—

A day, which shall convene those myriads all

Beneath a sky—great Nature's funeral-pall;

Or from the sounding Ocean's dismal caves,

Or from the wide Earth's multitudinous graves—

By rock, by cave, by torrent, or by tree,

Or where the cities' sea-like murmurs be—

In waste or wilderness, or mount, or plain,

Where'er the spectre holds his silent reign,

And rest the members of the mighty clan,

The countless, boundless family of Man.

Yes, mossy graves! the embers you enfold,

Have fellowship with all, Earth's still depths hold—

All that in death's vast mansions do abide,

All that are rocked by the Eternal tide—

All that are laid beneath the covering turf;

Slave, Schoolsman, Savage, Sovereign, Chief, or Serf!

Life's Circumnavigators, who have been,

And ranged and rounded her revolving scene—

Absolved their destinies—resigned their place
To never-failing myriads of their race,
Who but re-act *their* parts, *their* steps retread,
Till joined to them—the Dead unto the Dead;
Till mingled with the dust of ages past,
With black Oblivion's shadows round them cast.
Oh, what a world of ashes lies beneath
Earth's surface;—what a Vasty World of Death!
Oh, what a mixed and marvellous Company
Thronged in the Under earth, where none can see!
Oh, what a strange Assembly!—what a court
Of kingliest Death, whereunto all resort!
The Just, the Good, the Mighty, and the Mean—
All the mixed actors in this motley scene!
And what a Treasury!—what a crowded hold
Of things gone by! not of the burning gold,

Nor the most lustrous diamond; not the hoards
Earth—Ocean—yield to Earth's and Ocean's lords;
But of the boundless mysteries of the Past;—
In these sepulchral mansions throng'd, amassed!
Suspended *there*, great energies might seem
To freeze and stagnate in a tideless stream;
And motives—mighty motives, to remain
Constrained, emprisoned, bound in Magic chain:
And their results, their strange fruition, too—
Tradition's heir-looms, or Oblivion's due!
Stern wars, fierce agonies, dread exultations,
Despondencies, and passionate tribulations—
Victories, and gloryings in those Victories proud—
Buried and shrouded, with that buried crowd
To fancy seem! Oh, what a vasty field
Of Terrors, Glooms, and Mysteries unrevealed,

Must be that home of Universal Man —
No dream may image, and no eye may scan!
Oh, what a wondrous Theatre! whose huge stage
Is filled by shadows still, from age to age!
And what a mighty stronghold, that vast vault,
Death's Citadel! that none essay to assault.
There, there couched, peacefully, together rest
The Aggressor and the Avenger; all the Oppressed,
And all the Oppressors too; all, all the Undone,
And each Undoer; chill, and stark, and prone:
Together all; yet each one still alone!
There rest high Sages, whose majestic lore
Little availed them when life's dream was o'er.
And mighty Seers, whose glance of power was sent
Through the dim Future's shadowy firmament;

Who sphered their great thoughts gloryingly around
The Immense; and their proud path unerring found,
Without a beacon,—but without a bound!
Yet, in one short, swift moment went astray,
Resigned their clue, and strangely lost their way!
And laurelled Conquerors: those who harshly blew
Discord's shrill trumpet; whose fierce Eagles flew,
With ravening beaks of fury, far and wide,
Scattering Contention's plagues on every side;
Whose coming, was the signal of dismay—
Wrath, dread, distraction, whose unwelcome stay!
Whose track, was smouldering dwellings, slaughtered swains,
Defeatured landscapes, and polluted fanes—
Blackness and ashes—bare and blasted plains!

Whose annals were of blood, and wrath, and crime;

Ploughed on the face of earth—the front of time—

In chasmy furrows, never quite to close;

Still threatening new and farther-spreading woes!

Alas! the stern reign of the spear and shield!

Alas! the horrors of the martial field!

Alas! the Orphan's and the Widow's grief;

Bereft of consolation or relief!

Alas! the Conqueror's revels! when they spread

The board, and, from a thousand beakers, shed

The bright, clear wine; and think not of the Dead!

Harvests sprung up, black—black as if with blood,

From those dire fields they covered many a rood

With human clay (as Nature, shocked, dismayed,

Loathed the foul burthen on her bosom laid;

And sickened at the hideous ruin piled
Upon the groaning earth, bedimm'd, defiled.)—
The Apostles of dread Agitation, they
Loud fulminated her fierce Precepts!—Yea,
And spread abroad her doctrines of Dismay!
The Dragon-seed, with strenuous hand, they sowed—
(As, bent on their dire Mission, forth they strode,
Like the Tornado on its deadly path)—
The fatal Dragon-seed of Woe and Wrath:
Too, too prolific on this troublous Earth;
Too rapid in its growth, as in its birth!
Themselves unto themselves, the deadliest foes
Were they, 'midst all these terrors and these woes;
Self-barred from hope of respite and repose!
But they are now, where Combat's furies cease;
Where stern Contention yields to sterner Peace!

Victor and Vanquished, there rest reconciled
At last! nor threats, nor vain reproaches wild,
Disturb that stillness; Spoiler and Despoiled,
Haply, rest side by side! Success no more
Shall tempt the one to spill fresh seas of gore;
And no reversion of dark Vengeance stern,
Awaits the other in the burial-urn!
No sound, no dream, no movement, and no breath,
Is in the Under earth's deep World of Death!
Hate, Love, Vice, Virtue, Wisdom, Folly, Pride—
There make no sign—there give no hint: allied,
In dark, unconscious Union—close, but cold—
There Myriads wait; nor burst the enwrapping
mould!
Old, green Churchyard! no Sages, no proud Seers,
No Conquerors borne upon their laurelled biers,

Were ever gathered to thy peaceful sod;—
Yet here—in this most calm and still abode,
Humanity reposes, with the Whole
Of thoughts and Feelings, which the unbounded Soul—
The Universal Soul—well, well doth know—
(Shared by the Strong, the Weak, the High, the Low!)—
In dim Abeyance, till the great Hour come,
Doom'd to unlock the vast Gates of the Tomb!
Old, dim Churchyard! deep lessons, hallowed lore,
From thee I learn; and, in my heart's full core,
Shall treasure up and garner: not in vain,
Meekly I hope; for many a solemn train
Of thought should thence upspring, to bless that heart—
To fit it to fulfil its destined part!

Knowledge—the diligent searcher here might find—
Knowledge to exalt the Universal Mind!
Faith, Meekness, Charity, submissive Trust,
Should lift their Angel-voices from the dust.
Ay! if the Soul be bent for Truth to seek,
Silence itself shall to its Silence speak;
The Dust shall talk with tongues of Flame; the Clay
Of Ages tell, what ne'er fresh Ages shall unsay!
Long may my heart on those deep whispers dwell,
Long in responsive strain accordant swell!
Churchyard of tranquil Woolsthorpe—fare thee well!
Farewell! May breeze and sunshine, dew and shower,
Gild your low graves with many a trophy-flower!

AN EVENING BY THE SEA.

An Evening of Enchantment!—all is laid
In magical quiescence: half afraid
To breathe, I stand; lest all away should pass,
Like winged shadows from a fair, smooth glass;
Or, like the very Fairy-land it seems,
Of Visions, and of Witcheries, and of Dreams;
Lit by the soft Moon's pale, but lovely beams.
Fair salutations to thee, skyey Queen!
Thou chiefest charm and glory of the scene—

Be salutations poured to thee! whose brow
Is faintly, fancifully shadowed now,
By a perplexity of fairy-clouds,
Fine as the gossamer's leaf-folding shrouds:
So soft, so clear, they almost make the light
About thee look more spiritually bright!
Sultana of the Night! this lovely hour
Confesses rapturously thy queenly power!
Thy mighty vassal—the unbounded Sea—
Is worshipping and celebrating thee,
With a most multitudinous melody;
Sustaining, on his splendour-ruffled breast
Thine aspect, imaged in majestic rest!
O'er those hushed waters floats no troubling breath:
Life's radiance there meets the repose of death.

A rapture of sublimest quietude
Doth o'er the mighty Main serenely brood.
Breathless, with some sweet consciousness, appears
That awful Main: a look of peace it wears,
So perfect, that the soul seems lulled to sleep—
Slave of that rich contagion, pure and deep!
But oh, thou Moon!—thou gentlest, loveliest One!
Trust not the Sea! Soon, soon as thou art gone,
All bright reflections of thy vestal grace—
All meek unveilings of thy matchless face—
Thy soft, calm smiles—thy radiant looks serene—
Thy beatific aspect—gracious mien—
The sweet inscriptions of thy pencilling ray—
And every soft memorial of thy sway—
He 'll banish from his bosom; and, when Morn,
Midst blooms and splendours, lights and dews, is born;

And from the shaken strongholds of the Night,
Out leaps the winged Angel of the Light—
He will forget those witching charms of thine;
Apostate from thy service and thy shrine!
His tremulously-glistering, wandering waves—
Clear as the crystals of their central caves—
Shall but reflect, empurpled, in the waters,
The blushing clouds — Morn's golden-winged
Daughters.
No trace of thee, or thine, shall there remain!
Trust not the Sea—such trust were worse than
vain!
Though *now*, the mighty Hypocrite may seem
To make *thee* the Idol of his rapturous dream;
Trust not the false, false Sea—thou gentle Moon!
He will forget thee, and deny thee, soon!

The young Aurora, with the roseate brow,
Shall claim his homage, and receive his vow:
Her orient colours, he shall win and wear,
Nor one fond tribute to thy memory spare.
In changeful splendours—gem-like sparkles, drest;
And tremulous lightnings—shall his mighty breast
Outshine: Lo! he shall wear a Kingly Vest!
Luxuriant coruscations, rainbow-hues,
His glittering, quivering surface shall suffuse;
Till in one golden conflagration blent,
Shall seem that pure and liquid element;
And, in those laughing hours of flush and bloom,
Red—rosy red, his waters shall become!
Till on his bosom, every foam-spun wreath
Rival the blushing coral-stems beneath;

And even the aëry, misty spray shall gain
A gem-like brilliance, variable as vain!
Nought but the white pearls, in his deepest deep—
On which thou never shonest—shall calmly keep
A colourless lustre, pale and pure as *thine:*
Yet, oh! how dreamy, spiritual, divine,
How tender, and how touching was *thy Light,*
What time the thrilling stars inflamed the night;
And unto Adoration's lifted eye
The mirrors of their Maker's majesty—
The mirrors of his Awful Shadow, even—
Seemed gloriously, enkindling all the Heaven!
Fair Angel of the Night! the Sea shall cease
To proffer homage to thy shrine of peace!
Another Sun, with added fire, that glows,
Shall he appear, in his illumed repose;

With multiplied, redoubled rays, that dart
From every wave, from every ripple start,
When the refulgent and triumphal Morn—
Child of that Sun—midst dazzling pomps, is born!
Yet, such inconstancies shall he regret,
When yet, once more, that parting Sun is set;
And thou comest forth, all beautiful and bright—
Even like the shadow of Essential Light!
Then, once again, shall he return to thee,
Murmuring a multitudinous Harmony—
A sound of many sounds—a full, and deep,
And passionate strain; as in a charmed sleep.
Yea! then, once more, shall he to thee return;
And thou shalt dip thy sheeny diamond-urn
In his broad waters, till they trembling catch
Transparent lustres,—not the pearls could match,

Hidden and cloistered in their shadowy hold—
Midst buried gems, and heaps of massy gold,
And wrecks, and long-lost treasures, and rich ore:
A strange and unimaginable store!
Then shall he proudly thine allegiance own;
And grow, while thy sweet splendours burst, full-
blown—
One laughing Paradise of silvery lights!
Or where outshine the Orient's lustrous nights;
Or where the Northern Lights swift lances shoot,
With arrowy brilliance, radiant and acute;
Or where the Western skies their glories shed;
Or the deep South's rich, fervid Heavens out-
spread.
And *thou—thou* too, shall thus fresh charms obtain;
And yet more soft, ambrosial beauty gain.

And ev'n thy pure rays shall seem purified
By that commingling with the stainless Tide:
A tenderer Loveliness shall thee invest—
Mirrored upon the smoothness of his breast—
As thou in sweet Ascendancy art now,
With spirit-radiance on thy orbed brow.
While each wave wins from thee, a luminous boon,
Till the Ocean shines another, vaster Moon!

OH! THOU SWEET ROYALTY OF NIGHT!

Oh! thou sweet Royalty of Night!
Girt with cymar of woven beams—
Thou Star-surrounded! whose clear light
All spiritually radiant streams,

How gloriously thou walk'st the Skies!
How graciously thou rul'st the hour!
Thou that swayest Ocean's mysteries—
Whose Gentleness o'erpowereth Power!

Thou 'rt like Religion in the soul;
With precious thoughts around, beneath—
That, as they rise, and as they roll,
O'ercome the Giant gloom of Death!

NO, NO! THE GAYEST FESTIVAL!

No, no! the gayest Festival can charm, can please no more—
Weighed down by breathless gloom 's the heart winged
buoyantly before.
Even Music, though triumphantly it pierces earth and sky,
But brings fresh trouble to my heart—fresh tear-drops to
mine eye.

Bright shapes, with flowery Coronals, that move to gladdening
sounds,
All graceful through the mazy dance, with joyous, fawn-like
bounds:
They but remind me that the Youth hath melted from *my* heart;
That, 'midst Life's scenes of revelry, the Mourner hath no part!

Oh! how sickening unto me—the light of pearls, the
sweep of plumes!
What a burthening weight upon the air, the breath of
burnt-perfumes!
And the artificial glance and speech—the exaggerated
smile—
When with a haughty mournfulness, my deep heart
swells the while!

And pictures' gorgeous sunshine, kindling sudden
splendours round;
And high triumphant harpings, thrilling with sea-like
sound;—
Whilst thou—oh, darkly-sweeping Night! art exiled
then and thence;
In thy dusky and thy cloudy pomp, too searchingly
intense!

But Night! Imperial Night! thou 'rt lovelier
unto me,
With those clouds, like hyacinth-wreaths, o'er
Heaven showered beauteously;
In thy silence—in thy grandeur—in thy boundlessness
of gloom;
Than the Dancers' sounding hall, or the draperied
Palace-room!

Through the forest-arches would I stray, in thy proud
ark enshrined;
Where every leaf thrills harp-like, to the rushing of
the wind:
Or by the deep sea wander, with a strange and strong
delight;
Where the Majesty of Waters, meets the Majesty of
Night!

I love thee, in my deepest heart—thou all-defying
Main!
I love each reeking weed, that 'midst thy treasure-
cells hath lain!
The storm-crash, or the breathlessness of thy moon-
lighted shore—
When not a breeze doth float, would pierce a musk-
flower's scented core.

When the dim and slumberous billows, all tremulously
glistening—
Come noiselessly along—as if to holiest music
listening;—
Oh, joy of joys! to leave the World, its Vanities,
and its Woes!
And dwell with Liberty of Soul, in Nature's rich
repose!

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT.

A festal Morn! The sunshine-heavens burn bright
And fair, as though there could be no more night!
Thousands of thousands, throngs on throngs await,
Breathless with eagerness, with hope elate—
With throbbing hearts, and keenly-straining ear—
Trusting to catch the tale of rapturous cheer,
The tidings of their prayers fulfilled to hear!—
As, when some Prophetess arose, to unfold
A nation's destinies,—men stood, of old,
Hushing their very breath—their pulses' play

Checking—to greet those sounds of silvery sway,
Fraught or with Exultation or Dismay,
So stand those thick-wedged Thousands; so they wait—
As 't were to learn their future, and their fate:
A weight of such stern stillness seems to brood
O'er all that mixed and mingling multitude!
A passionate, voiceless rapture of suspense
Controls them with a burning might intense.
(While one strong feeling, deepening as it ran,
Made all that vasty concourse as one Man!)
A tension of most anxious vigilance
Binds each existence in a feverish trance.
A passion of Expectancy chains down
All those quick human hearts; and, heavily thrown
Around the multitude, a mantle deep
Of Silence clings—like that of Death or Sleep.

With adamantine strain, and leaden stress—
Too deep the Emotion is, for words to express.
Thickens the crowd; they speed, they throng, they
press;
And still that silence spreads!—throughout that
Host
No breath, no pulse, no movement might be lost.
All thoughts, all energies should seem constrained
To one keen vigil; or forborne—refrained.
All hopes, all interests merged in one desire;
Taught to *one* mark, and for *one* meed to aspire.
All Powers, all Passions gathered to one hush
Of mighty Feeling; which, ere long, shall rush
In one astounding burst—one cataract gush—
One all o'er-sweeping, hurrying, mastering tide
Of joy and confidence, and zeal and pride;

Seeking, as for relief, their force to shew,

Till foiled expression can no farther go,

And haply, Silence—peaceful and profound—

Once more prevails; once more succeeds to Sound.

Hark! hark! the peal—the rolling, throbbing gun!

It bursts upon that silence, as the Sun

Bursts from the eclipse of hurricanes, i' the hour

Of its resumption and retort of power!

Peal after peal, in quick succession pours,

As wave on wave crowd thick on Ocean's shores.

One more* -and France is ecstasy! it comes,

It thunders o'er her capital's fair domes—

'T is echoed by a tempest-shout! a sound

That makes a billowy surge of the air around,

* In the event of a Princess being born, twenty guns were to be fired; if a Prince, a hundred.

Rocking the haughty sunshine on its swell,

Till on the sense it seems to grow and dwell.

Hark — hark — that shout! that startling, staggering shout,

Bringing ten thousand, thousand echoes out!

A nation's soul is on that whirlwind-cry;

A nation's zeal, a nation's ecstasy.

Well may it shake and pierce the astonished sky—

And plough the Element, and wildly spread

Unto the horizon's ends—full, deep, and dread!

Surely 't were almost strong to awake, to arouse,

The very Dead from their sepulchral house;

To make those reliques breathe, those embers burn—

And start and tremble in their funeral urn;

And with its clamorous stun, its deafening roar,

To pierce *their* deafness—bid their trance give o'er!

'T was one grand Unison; as though the whole
Of that dense multitude—one Voice, one Soul,
One Hope, one Doom, and one Emotion shared;
Nor masked their feelings, nor the Expression spared;
But glorying, wreaked their turbulent joy's excess—
Their full, intoxicating happiness,
On passionate Demonstration! Far and near,
Peals that wild sound of mad and maddening cheer—
That Pæan-shout!—it strikes with haughty aim
The Firmaments, which fulmine back the Acclaim!
What were the clarion's blasts, the cannon's roar,
To that deep Voice! more startling—glorious more—
Far more imposing, lofty, and sublime,
Than music's crash, or proud Cathedral-chime!
To welcome *thee*, beloved and blessed Boy,
An Empire rises in majestic joy!

A festal morn! a jubilee of earth—
To hail the eventful, the auspicious birth;
A festal morn! all sights and sounds conspire
To raise the popular joy yet high and higher,—
Stately Processions pass in long array,
With torch and taper glimmering faint by day;
And lifted cross, and solemn-breathing strain,
Pouring thanksgivings, many a pompous Train!
Full many a royal blazon flouts the wind,
With broidered tapestries every street is lined—
Flowers o'er the pavements strewn, a vernal glow
Shed round them, and the very face of Woe
Cheerily now a look of gladness wears—
Where but too lately trespassed blistering tears;
Pain starts up from its fevered couch, and owns
A joy that bids it change its hollow groans,

For cries and shouts of cheer; now for awhile
Its pallid countenance assumes the smile—
Its tortured frame, the weariness, the fret,
The writhings, and the tossings, doth forget;
Age, hurrying to the festive scene apace,
Smoothes down the tell-tale furrows from its face—
No more the misty film its lit eye dims,
No more it drags a weight of nerveless limbs;
But braced and buoyed with vigorous airs of hope,
Joins the unmarshalled multitudinous Troop—
And in the last days of its scant grey hair,
Exults and triumphs with the youngest there!
And Childhood, gladsome Childhood mad with glee,
Bright as a foam-wreath on the tossing sea;

Takes part in all the uproarious revelry,
(While haply, for the cause it little cares,
Of that loud joy it so intensely shares).
Mothers, upon this proud, propitious morn,
Turn from their own dear babes, their own first-born,
And clasp their hands and breathe their heart-felt prayer
For *him*—the Hope, the Promise, and the Heir!
Then to their arms, those treasures newly given,
Snatch with redoubled joy, redoubled trust in heaven.

A festal morn! a holiday to all!
A boundless, universal Carnival!
From lowliest hearth, to loftiest, lordliest hall,
From end to end of the triumphant land,
Her sons now form one close, fraternal band;

One mighty sympathy at once prevades
Her palaced cities and her cottaged glades;
One gracious unity of Feeling binds
All ranks and orders, as all hearts and minds—
Such sacred fellowship, such concord pure,
Why may it not unchangeably endure,
So rendering human happiness secure?
Hark—hark!—that loud, and long, and wild acclaim,
Which heaves ten thousand bosoms and the same!
Oh, how the Imperial and Maternal heart
Must in that scene have borne transcendant part!
And yet not so! the stormy triumph there,
Wrapped in a heavenly calm it might not share,
What were those haughty revelries and wild
To her,—who hails and clasps her first-born child?

An Empire's joy is nothing unto hers,
Whose inmost soul the speechless prayer prefers;
Whose heart with every loftiest feeling stirs,
(In the white hour of this auspicious date,
When fortune smiles, and smiles consenting fate.)
Loftiest and loveliest too, but silent all,
Words may not bind such feelings in their thrall—
Language hath ne'er their precious worth confessed,
'T is in the bosom's depths they lie compressed,—
'T is in the silence of adoring tears,
Surely she lays aside the burthening fears
That late o'ercame her; and the mother's heart
In that proud scene—takes *but* the *Mother's* part!
She nothing hears of that rejoicing din,
Her world of feeling now lies all within—

She nothing recks of that Triumphal show;
One object only, wins her gaze below
With magnet-like attraction that enchains
Her every thought, while throbbing through her veins,
Solemn, yet sweet emotions, kindling pass
Like chequering lights and shades o'er some smooth glass—
She starts not at the thunderous-volumed stun
Of loud artillery—not the signal gun
Can rouse her from her high and hallowed trance,
Nor shake her glad dream's calm predominance;
Nor break those threads of musings, pure and fine,
Which in Imagination's web entwine
Their aëry gossamery—No!—*she* lies bound
In spells that yield not to that haughty sound;

No, no;—her tender infant's feeble wail
Alone can her maternal ear assail—
Alone o'er her maternal sense prevail!
That Infant, dearer to her soul and sight,
Than all Earth's pomps—pure Fountain of Delight!
Which shall not poisoned be, nor poured to waste;
Nor, when the thirsting lip would bend to taste—
Shivered to foam, nor shrunk, nor chilled, nor dimmed;
But more and more with blessedness be brimmed!
Pure Fountain! whence no brackish spray-drops cast,
Shall taint the present, nor make dark the past—
Whose only bitter draught shall be the last,
(That draught of bitterness which she shall drain,
Ev'n to its dregs, of anguish and of pain!)
Oh, Rainbow! fairest Rainbow! where combined
Past, Present, Future seem, in bright tints joined;

Blest Rainbow! whose most soft and eloquent dyes
Calmly illustrate all the gladdened skies—
Dear harbinger of deep and halcyon peace,
At whose approach all storms and tempests cease;
Bright morning star of Hope! (*Hope*, whose sweet ray
Each cloud disparts, each dull mist warms away—
And through each sunbeam doth fresh light infuse,
Lending to day more clear, more vivid hues;
That Ray, which round, above, beyond us, glows—
Till Earth and Air, and Skies and Stars compose
—By no dissevering bars asunder riven,—
One universal Sun! one boundless Heaven!)
Anchor,—on which her very heart may lean,
With all its freight of deep affections keen;
Nor fear 't will fail it, in the hour of need
Frail as a splintered staff, a broken reed;

Scion of Promise—freshly planted here,
Who—who shall say if not from some far sphere,
Gently transplanted by the Omnific hand—
Who—who shall say, for who can understand?
Oh, perfect flower! the very Flower of Flowers,
Just budded, and to bloom through boundless hours,
Through everlasting seasons, 'midst the bowers,
The amaranth bowers of Eden—as fond hope
Fain, fain would dream, where fair things do not droop;
Where blossoms are not shed, nor smooth leaves strown;
Nor buds are cankered; haply ere they 're blown!—
Where never bleak Frost chains, nor Tempest smites;
Nor Death's black wind, comes down with all its blights.

Sweet Flower of Flowers! is not *thy* native clime
Beyond Earth's chills, above the clouds of Time?
Mother and Child! whose union close and true,
No after-times of change shall all undo;
How exquisite an influence o'er the heart,
In such an hour ye conqueringly assert!
The Parent and the Infant both exert
Such gentle influence, and deep interest claim,
While every lip for them doth fond prayers frame!
His ancestorial heritage of pride—
And *thine*, sweet Mother! now seems laid aside,
Forgotten, in the intense, religious joy
Which brightly doth these blessed hours employ;
And dost thou one awakening feeling own
That is not ruled by sacred Love alone?

No peasant-mother in an Alpine home,
Could with more breathless watchfulness become
The guardian angel of her Child, than thou,
With empire's wreaths, ablaze along thy brow,
Its jewelled purple round thy fair form thrown,
And all its glories o'er thy path-way strown!
Yea, *thine* is Empire. Thou! thou art nature's own;—
No peasant-mother could more meekly raise
The deep thanksgivings, and glad prayers of praise;
Nor with more fond and true emotions glow—
The holiest, best emotions felt below;—
No peasant-mother with more gentle joy,
Bend o'er the first bright slumber of her boy,
Than *thou* in thy young lofty motherhood,
Imperial being of Imperial blood!

Thou whom high Duty with an Angel's voice,
Calls to fulfil her dictates and rejoice;
Thou whom Affection's fine and fervent power
O'ershadows in this deep, this full-blown hour!
While love, meek love, its hallowing mantle flings
O'er thee, the Daughter of an hundred Kings!
Is this a dream? a fiction?—let them tell
Who ever bowed to the enchanting spell
Of such an hour—yea, let them speak and say
Who ever yielded to its rapturous sway.
Is it a Fable? Is 't a Fiction? *No!*
Truth, Nature, make reply, and say, "it is not so!"
Since those mysterious, mighty days of yore—
When the great mother of Mankind first bore
A living infant,—ever o'er and o'er

This beautiful History hath enacted been,
The loveliest spectacle of Life's wide scene!
And thou, thrice welcomed, worshipped, treasured
Child!
How proud a star above thy birth hath smiled!
A wreath—a galaxy of stars! ne'er yet
Above *one* head such clustering glories met;
Such pomp of earthly grandeurs surely ne'er
Before was meted to *one* mortal's share.
Lo! on that childish Front the Regal band,
The Imperial fasces in that infant hand;
The sovran Purple swathed round that slight
frame—
And oh! the mighty magic of thy name,*
Focus to every ray of glory or of fame!

* King of *Rome*.

How is thy cradle by wild shouts assailed;

Thou welcomed, worshipped One; the invoked, the hailed—

And hailed thou *art*, by myriads and by *One*,

That chief of Monarchs, on his throne-piled Throne;

He who with voice subdued, now calls thee Son!

He of an hundred Battles, bends above

His slumbering Babe, and softens into love:

He of an hundred Victories, vanquished now—

Seals with a father's kiss, the cherub brow

Of his young cradled Son, and fondly stoops

O'er the sweet star of all his dearest hopes.

The ambitions chief—the autocratic lord—

He who cut through with his resistless sword,

Earth's Gordian knot of Powers established; mild—

He yields deep Nature's homage to his Child!

Gazes upon the meekness of its face,

And folds his Infant in a Sire's embrace.

A festal Eve!—the illuminated Spires

And Domes, seem bursting with a thousand fires.

Night comes! and comes but to be chased away

By that wild glare, that ev'n might challenge Day,

Turning the midnight-Heavens to burning gold;

Like some proud Regal Banner wide-unrolled,

With stars encrusted thick on every fold.

A festal Eve!—where'er the eye can turn,

A myriad lights with boundless lustre burn:

Streets, Temples, Theatres, Columns, Bridges, Towers,

Minsters, and Palaces and Palace-Bowers,

Commingle in the illuminated blaze;

And nought of gloom relieves the aching gaze!

A Magical Volcano, wide it spreads;

And, 'stead of Ruin, festal radiance sheds!

The Royal City doth indeed rejoice,

Her joy hath found a symbol and a voice.

The Mistress of the Nations, she appears,

While high her bannered, turreted head she rears!

And *thou* 'rt the awakener of these transports, Child;

Thou gentle, lowly thing, and undefiled!

The Astyanax of this proud Ilium—thou,

That cradled in unconscious rest liest now;

The living, bright Palladium of the land,

That trebly armed the Foeman to withstand—

Should *now* Exultant and inspired arise!

With that sweet rainbow smiling in her Skies—

That Dove of Peace, to hallow her proud ark—
That youthful Cæsar's fortunes in her bark!
A very Talisman of strength and power
Thou 'lt surely prove—Star of this Star-bright hour!

The City shines, arrayed in dazzling pomp;
The Air is ringing with the piercing tromp.
The heavy beat of Drums rolls loud and long,
Mixed with the echoes of the chorussed Song.
The Banquet is prepared—the feast is spread;
Odours are scattered, and fresh wreaths are shed.
And Syren voices warble Pæan-lays
Of Loyal joy, of triumph, and of praise.
The Dancers' steps bound through the arched saloon,
Where lamp, and harp, and beaker, and festoon

Make glad the hours. And hark! where, bursting high,
The crackling Fireworks leap along the sky.
The Seine rolls down, a wave of golden flame;
A sheet of bickering splendours spreads its stream!
While on its sparkling and effulgent breast
The Stars no longer shine in placid rest—
Lost in that lustrous glow!—the Seine doth bear
Th' imaged illuminations on its fair
And lovely surface—ruddily doth it glare.
And where the night-breeze on the stream grows strong,
In billowy lightnings seems to flash along;
The waters are a conflagration! wide,
Fire's broad reflection spreads on every side.
Hush! hark! what sounds are borne upon the Night—
The deep, resounding Night! Shouts of delight

And stormy triumph; for they hail *thy* Son—

Oh, thou Armi-potent Napoleon!

The birth of thy first-born—the auspicious birth—

They hail with the uproar of that glorying mirth:

And still their Io-cry is thy proud Name!

And say—shall he, whose birth they thus proclaim,

Be heir to all thy fortunes, and thy fame?

A quiet Morn!—a morn of Summer too;

And blue the fair sky is—serenely blue.

Yet, 'midst this bright and tender quietude,

A mystic sadness dimly seems to brood.

And round a Palace-dwelling, high and proud,

A gloom seems clinging, like a mantling cloud.

Oh, what a deeply different scene is this!

Here are no signs of triumph, nor of bliss.

No festal sounds, no festal sights are here;
But all is still; and, in that stillness drear,
No thronging myriads, trembling with suspense,
Wait round in speechless watchfulness intense:
No loud artillery's long-resounding roll,
Startles and stuns the senses and the soul:
No broidered tapestries, hung from house to house,
Spread their rich breadths; nor shouts the echoes rouse;
Nor clarion blast swells gloryingly along
The answering air—clear, jubilant, and strong!
No stormy drums disturb that mournful air;
No blazoned banners, wildly fluttering there,
Deepen the sunshine to a ruddy glare.
No flowery wreaths lie scattered o'er the ground,
Shedding a glow of Midsummer around:

No incense-clouds float up, whose fragrant steam
Makes every breeze with odorous treasures teem:
No laurelled arches raise their fronts of pride,
No stately trophies gleam on every side;
Nor high processions pass, with chanted hymn,
With lifted cross, and torches wavering dim—
In the clear daylight—borne by white-rob'd Priest:
All sounds, all sights of joy are gone—have ceased;
There is no Pomp, no Revelry, no Feast!
All, all is changed—a fearful, startling change;
Dull, heavy, melancholy, sadly strange.
The Imperial and Maternal heart must feel
The pang, that words were formed not to reveal.
The Imperial and Maternal heart must bear
The last, worst anguish few but faintly share;—
The impending, imminent death-stroke of despair!

That wounded heart must struggle to endure
The immedicable ill that loathes a cure;
The uttermost, innermost distress and grief,
That shrinks from solace, and that shuns relief.
Yea! such must be its portion; haply, yet
Heroic lessons doth it not forget.
Haply, a holy valour nerves and fires—
And brightly aids—religiously inspires.

Alas! where stretched in helplessness and pain,
The Royal Sufferer doth unsoothed remain.
Unsoothed—though Love, unwearied Love keeps watch,
His faintest accent—lightest breath to catch.
That deepest, truest Love—first, fondest, best;
The Love that glows in the Maternal breast.

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Alas! where stretched in helplessness and pain,
On the sad couch he ne'er shall quit again,
The heir, the hope, the Star of promise lies,
With life's last rays receding from his eyes—
And misty dreams the pitying fates dispense,
To o'ercloud the aching avenues of sense
Veiling his soul, with shadows dim and drear,
And mystic sounds no ear but his can hear—
Bringing strange messages of hope and fear.
Are there indeed so few to watch, to wait
At this dark hour of dire and mournful date,
So few to shew compassion or regret—
When that fair sun is hastening on to set;
So few to feel or feign congenial woes,
With her who, wrung and tortured, from repose
Awaits till every hope at length shall close.

Are there indeed so few? yet who can tell

What myriads, countless though invisible—

May around Innocency's death-bed wait,

To soothe or watch the fiat of its fate—

Who, who can tell what missioned hosts attend,

When a so blameless life draws near its end?

What angel guests may still and silent stand

Around, a ministrant and guardian band;

And as the spirit sinks and ebbs away,

Yield it a bright support, a heavenly stay,

While slow and faint the numbered pulses play—

And if Life's parting-brightness yet enchains

That lingering spirit, breathe consoling strains;

And pour sweet balms o'er every wound, and shed

Slumber's own twilight-languors round the head

That long hath ached upon a sleepless bed?

Oh! little now could man's vain help avail—
In this stern hour, when even the strongest fail,
The proudest tremble, and the bravest shrink,
The firmest totter on the dizzying brink;
(The dizzying brink of that dread precipice,
Which mortal traveller shall ne'er tread twice;
Which darkness clasps around, above, beneath,
The blackness of thy darkness, fearful Death!)
And what could man do for thee now, thou pale,
Thou gentle sufferer—reed on fate's strong gale!
Man's agency and aid were mockery all,
When the pale angel's still small voice doth call—
Then what could thronging crowds do for thee now,
While his damp dews are gathering to thy brow?
And thou, poor Mother! could the assembled world
Ward off the stroke which at thy heart is hurled?

That young majestic flower thou 'dst reared and blessed,
(The loveliest gift of heaven—the dearest, best;)
And in those widowed arms ecstatic pressed—
Bowed, ruined, broken, smitten in thy sight,
By the unpitying blast, the unsparing blight;
Oh, what a dreadful blow! Grief hast thou known,
And many a loss; but what were throne and crown,
The Pomp, the Pride, the Triumph, and the Sway—
The Honours, and the Advantage, reft away;
Oh! what were they,—what *any* loss to *this?*
In this fair casket—all thy hopes of bliss
Lay hoarded; in this fragile tenement,
Thy heart-dear treasures were close locked and pent!

And now how fast his sinking strength declines—
How faint the lamp of life, low-flickering shines,—

Now, now, outbursts a spring of staunchless tears,
That must o'erflow a waste of desolate years;
Now, now, a heavy darkness doth descend
O'er present, future, past—and seems to blend
In one inextricable gloom the whole,
At least unto that bowed and stricken soul,—
Unsolaced Mourner! thou indeed hast known
Calamity, that ev'n a heart of stone
Might bruise, might melt,—so fraught hath it been still
With harrowing circumstance of deadliest ill;
Now shalt thou back to thy sad home return,
Clasping in thought the shadowy funeral urn
To thy lorn heart —nor shall the fervid skies
Of Italy, be lovely in thine eyes;
Nor all the glories of that purple land,
Where warbling streams—by scented breezes fanned,

And myrtle-bowers and orange thickets shine—
And Ruin's self appears a thing divine,
Win thee from one sad vision—one dark dream,
Nor gild thy path with even Delusion's gleam;
While still *one* voice shall whisper in thine ear,
Midst all the melodies serene and clear,
That wander through that blue transparent air,
Low cadences of sorrow—and shall bear
Far through thy bosom's depths a quivering thrill,
A restless tremor: so the song-birds' trill,
The fountain's fall, the scented breeze's tone,
Shall gain a thoughtful sadness not their own;
And every close of every melody
Shall be, or seem to be, a lingering sigh.

A mournful Eve! the sultry time is still—
Or almost so, by wood and plain and hill;
And low faint sounds, as of some hidden rill,
Or moaning breeze—or stir of living things,
Winnowing the air with their soft sheeny wings—
Seeking the tranquil refuge of their nest,
And panting for the honey-dews of rest,
Come fitfully along the listening ear;
Those sweet faint sounds now distant float—now near,
By fancy magnified, and wrought by fear—
A dim and dreamy fear, to something strange,
And vague and dubious, till in ceaseless change
They wander by, and hardly they retain
A likeness of themselves, while the under-strain

Imagination breathes, doth more and more
Confuse them and distort—perplexing sore;
Now they might seem like some unearthly wail,
Vexing the air and loading the faint gale—
Poured by the viewless Spirits of the spot,
As if they sorrowed o'er a hopeless lot,—
And now they shift to dull and hollow sounds,
Like low groans on deserted battle-grounds—
(When come the high stars forth, with their pure light
So calmly, beatifically bright,
So exquisitely, spiritually clear—
A separate Heaven, might seem each separate sphere!
And ill, but ill, their solemn smiles accord
With the fierce crimson ruin of the sword);

And now like dreamy cadences that dwell
'Midst the wreathed windings of the ocean-shell,
They linger on the enchained, and watchful sense,
And tristful feelings to the soul dispense;
A whisper of dark omens,—dark and deep,
Seems faintly on the conscious air to creep;—
A broken murmur,—a most plaintive tone,
So mournful, that 't is Melancholy's own,
Assails the ear on this sweet pensive eve,
When nature seems with wild caprice to grieve;
But is it Nature's voice, that voice of woe?
Doth it from her eternal bosom flow?
No! 't is the heart's prophetic Lyre-strings soft,
That now those sorrowing modulations waft.

A sad, sweet Eve!—the sultry time is still,
(Save where those gentle whispers float and thrill,)
And the pure dews all tremulously spill
Their priceless treasures 'midst the quivering leaves;
Till every vein new freshness so receives—
And softly, slowly sink their silvery showers
On the overblown and dimmed dejected flowers,—
Which the impetuous glance of haughty noon
Had scorched in their mid-beauty, many a tune
Of homeward-wheeling birds, and laden bees,
(Soft as the murmurs of the gentle breeze,)
Is heard beneath the massy, clustering trees—
Now while the encroaching darkness steals along,
And shadows spread the leafy haunts among,
Silence contending seems, with fairy sound,
And tender gloom, with faint light—whilst around,

A deep mysterious presence seems to dwell,
Mighty the soul's vain earthward dreams to quell;
The twilight dimness thickly gathering grows,
Yet something there disturbs the calm repose—
And while those shadow-breadths stretch fast and far,
Still something seems the tranquil scene to mar—
Now deep and deeper grows the thrilling hush,
Pale Fancy's phantoms from the stillness rush;
Till sinks that weight of stillness on the soul,
And even Fancy owns its stern control!
And Night and Silence solemnly conspire,
While Summer's midnight-heavens lie bathed in fire.

And now again 'tis morn—the last *his* eyes
Who on the bed of mortal suffering lies,
Shall ever see outburst from yon fair skies.

A glorious Morn!—a morn of Summer, rife
Of beauty, hope, enjoyment, freshness, life.
The Stars have faded, melted out of sight;
Splendour in Splendour merged, Light lost in Light!
Of them remains not now the slightest trace;
But boundless glory springs up in their place.
And lo! 't is daybreak on the awakening world;
The many-coloured mists have shrunk and curled.
Now from the heights, by viewless hand withdrawn,
(Raised curtains for thy victor-march—Proud Dawn!)
And vanished from the brows of grove-clad hills,
And woods, plains, valleys, flowered knolls, and blue rills,
The Horizon far, the scene of beauty near—
City and hamlet-fold, outshining clear

The Morning and the morning's beauty, wear
Even as a Royal raiment—glorious more
Than ever yet monarchic shoulders bore;
Wrought, jewelled, burnished each transparent fold,
It spreads and shines in sheets of wavy gold,
From earth's green depths, to heaven's refulgent roof,
Framed in the same pure everlasting woof—
And thus apparelled, all things lovelier look,
As each some separate charm from morning took;
Morning! most conquering, most transcendant time,
Be blessings on thy hours of lustrous prime—
To meet thy breath, thy smile, thy blushful glow,
Is almost to forget all ills below.
Nature and thee, like fond twin sisters greet,
And rush into embraces long and sweet—

At such an hour—Care, anxious care doth seem
A dull mistake, and even stern Death a dream;
Pain half a cheat, and Sorrow half a crime—
And all but Joy, a treason to the time!
And wheresoe'er we wander or delay,
Something of lovely soothes, or cheers our way—
Birds spread their various plumage in the ray
Of sunshine, borrowing thence (but lending too),
Warm radiance—many a swiftly-glancing hue.
The Rose in purple Royalty shines bright,
And round her sheds a dreamy flush of light,
And a most fragrant, rapturous atmosphere—
The Rose shines forth, and shines without a peer;
Save 't is the stainless Lily at her side,
That looks a vestal, or a white-robed bride—

A thousand, thousand fair things, seem new-born
To greet and grace bright Midsummer and Morn!
A glorious glowing Morn it is in truth—
All redolent of Delight, and Hope, and Youth;
But 't is the night of Death to *him!* The last
Dread act of Life's perplexing drama's past—
And 't is the night of *Death* to him—the Young,
The Proud, the Beautiful!—a veil is flung,
A deep dense veil—his darkened sight between,
And all the glory of Earth's varied scene—
And even from thought's impassioned reach, removed
Is he, the watched, the treasured, and the loved!—
Pale is that once fair form—pale, rigid, chill,
The latest gasp is hushed, and all is still—
Life's quivering chords, at last have ceased to thrill!

And 't is the night of Death, deep Death to *thee*,
In the prostration of thine agony,
(The night of deadliest Death it is, must be)
Throneless and childless queen and mother.—Thou,
From whose augustly sad and mournful brow
So many of Earth's rich, richest garlands proud
Have fallen and faded, as cloud after cloud
Broke o'er thy Regal head, while far and wide
Stern Ruin followed, till on every side
Black Desolation frowned, o'erwhelming all
With leaden crush and adamantine thrall.
Hark! hush! what muffled sounds, dull, ominous, low,
Invade the ear? dire sounds of deepest woe,
Which the thrilled sense can recognize too well—
The alarum of despair, the funeral-knell!

Oh sad, sad morn—a heavy morn indeed,
That sees youth die, and Love's true bosom bleed;
The Imperial hearths look desolate! the walls
Of Schoenbrunn, and its arched and 'scutcheoned halls
Wear a dimmed aspect, and a mournful air;
And it may well be so, for *Death* is there.
He whose strong hand in one short moment tears
Up by the roots, the cherished Hope of years,—
He whose stern presence clouds the loveliest bowers,
The Peasants' homesteads, and the Kaiser's towers;
He, through the arched halls and sculptured galleries strode,
A Chief midst Chiefs, to fix his proud abode,
While that fair morning lit the festive skies,
To gladden all but filmed and dying eyes!

The palace chambers have an altered look,
'T was not long since an arrowy lightning stroke
Shattered a sculptured eagle, that adorned
That Royal Dwelling—ah, it dimly warned,
It darkly prophesied,—too soon behold
Empire's bright Sunbird of Imperial mould,
Sunk in its springtime—stricken to the heart
By Death's black lightnings and envenomed dart;
Leaving the purple realms of joyous day,
For those of darkness, silence, and decay;
Yet, did not the olden superstition tell,
That where Heaven's lightnings, scorching, scathing fell,
They sanctified? oh! let us dream so now—
And while we see *thee*, to the fiat bow—

Thus in the glory of thy blooming years,

Still woo that thought to while away our fears,

To check, to charm, or consecrate our tears;

And surely hallowed thou dost seem, and blest,

In that most sweet serenity of rest—

And freed from every earthly taint and stain,

Heaven's, Heaven's, and thy Creator's all again!

Place ye round that bright brow no Regal band,

It needs it not to impress and to command;

Though by the frost-like crush of Death weighed down,

That pure bright brow is in itself a crown!

And be no costly mantle vainly thrown

About those youthful limbs—whose sculptured grace,

Not Death itself hath wholly power to efface!

The whitest, the most soft, and simple shroud
Should round them hang, like twilight's pearly cloud,
And nought of pomp, and nought of funeral gloom,
Remind us *there*, or of the Throne or Tomb!
Gently hath Death dealt on that lovely form;
No stately Lily by a summer storm
O'erborne, e'er lovelier in its ruin lay,
Than that fair fragile fabric of bright clay.

He lived, and he was loved! he smiled, and died!
And there—all the Earth's vain grandeurs laid aside,
And there—lies he, once a proud Nation's pride!
The Kingly, though the Unkinged, whose infant brow
Was cinctured by the crown—reft from it now,
And o'er whose cradle played supremely bright
Hope's glowing sunbursts of Etherial light.

Ah! those wild glories that illumed thy dawn,
Perchance, in Love and Mercy were with-
drawn.
Thee never harassed public cares; nor worse,
The Ingratitude, that like a withering curse
Too oft awaits Earth's Rulers, thou wert spared,
Those treacherous Counsels, that have oft ensnared
The Great; the contumely, the bitter wrong,
That oft abase the high, and crush the strong:
The assaults of Faction, with its ambushed sting—
That Hydra-headed and mysterious thing;
And all the dire Variety of Ills,
Which still the Historic page with darkness fills!
These thou wert spared! who once 't was hoped
should be
The Founder of a Mighty Dynasty!

The Heir of Victory's vast Inheritance;
The Sovereign of the unconquerable France;
The Guardian of her honour and her laws;
The unmoved, devoted Champion of her Cause;
The Leader of her Legioned Hosts; the Lord
Of her thronged Millions, all!—the obeyed, the
adored!
(Poor young probationer of a various lot—
What matters now, if cherished or forgot!
But *if* remembered, let forbearance veil
Thy natural, human faults,—since *all* are
frail.
A little Charity, to embalm thy name,
Is all thou need'st of Flattery, or of Fame.)
Six feet of earth can circumscribe the scope
Of all that proud and most Majestic Hope!

Scion of Cæsars! sleep—sleep well, and long!
Thee never more shall fickle Fortune wrong.
The veil of Purity, the robe of Peace
Wrapt round thee,—thou art gone, where conflicts cease;
Where griefs, and pains, and trials are no more;
Even to yon starry-paven, pensive shore!
Scion of Cæsars—sleep! thine early tomb
Shall prove a happier, a more hallowed doom
Than thy dread Sire's! who deeply, sternly drew
His dark delights from Tumult, and ne'er knew
The Enchantments of Repose; who proudly wreathed
His brows with dazzling Terrors; and but breathed
War's Hurricane-breath of fierce Convulsion: so,
His life was Agitation's prey below;

Who thundering drove his adamantine car—

The throned and sceptred Jaggernaut of War!

Who wreaked his wild and turbulent soul of Fire

On steep adventure, difficult and dire;

On perilous enterprise, and Titan aim:

He who achieved a more than mortal Name;

And tired the unequal feet of panting Fame:

He, of the Nations and their Lords, the Lord,

Whose haughty purpose lightened from his sword!

Who, an incarnate Whirlwind, stirred to strife

All the energies and impulses of Life:

Whose name was an Eclipse! whose earthquake-

word

A Fiat and a Fate to whoso heard!

Yea! he who soared to a meridian height,

But to emit chill rays of blackest night;

To cloak the reeking and defeatured globe
With an ensanguined and funereal robe:
He whose avatar was all Ruin! yet,
Whose iron laughter mocked the suns that set,
Quenched in that ruin,—scorning to regret!
And with Success for his proud handmaid, moved
As one commissioned, hurtless, unreproved,
Along his fearful course the wide and wild!—
He who sprang forth, mailed, girt, and armed; the
Child
Of a tumultuous and chaotic time—
A fatal season of triumphant crime!
Discord's Apostle—wide he preached, and well,
Her heinous precepts; sounding the echoing knell
Of golden Peace, that, drowned in tears and gore,
Trembled, and shuddering sank, and was no more!

While heavenly Concord and sweet Mercy spread
Their angel-plumes, and from the pale Earth fled!

The Tyrant's Tyrant, he!—the Monarch's scourge!
How could those hands victorious, deign to forge
Chains for the free—fresh yokes for the oppressed—
Till Earth hugged Slavery to her bleeding breast;
And Liberty—wronged Liberty became
The echo of the whisper of a Name!
And yet he laboured out—that Man of Blood—
The ends of Mercy, and the intents of Good:
And that apparently erratic course
Was planned by Wisdom, and constrained by Force—
By Force Almighty—viewlessly constrained—
And in dread yoke and strong, was he enchained!

And every step of that mysterious way,
Bared to the Eye of Heaven, from the commencement
lay!
While still he left in his terrific path
An awful Anarchy of gloom and wrath!
(Red Battle knew his mighty Master well—
Ev'n as a steed his rider! Fierce and fell
He grew in that great presence: yet, that burst—
That storm of fury, at its wildest, worst—
That shadowing gloom, that made the Sun grow
dim;
That fierceness, still proved fealty to him.
The ruthless Giant ramped, and tossed, and roared—
'T was still Submission's homage to his Lord—
While in his savage deadliness of mirth,
"Aha!" he cried, and smote the shuddering Earth!

"Aha!" he cried; and from her cloudy seat
Annihilation came, and crouched her at his feet!
And yet he proved a traitor foul, at last,
And all forswore the allegiance of the past—
When the still Mightier Master came, and saw,
And conquered—him he served as if in awe;
The Mightier Master—Lord of starr'd Renown,
Who hung his laurel-wreathed triumphal crown
High on that pyramid of Empires, proud,
Beneath the weight of which the World seemed bowed;—
Whose crown of Victory o'er it blazed in light,
Nor with it, sank into the gulphs of night,
But beams for ever from its solar height!)

Lo! from France' blood-red banners, wide unfurled,
Plague, Strife, Oppression, Horror, Death, he hurled—
Defacing Heaven's high image from the world,
In slaughtered millions, to the dust consigned.
A terror to the Universal Mind;
An awful Arbiter of general Doom;
A Presence dread—a most tremendous Gloom,
He moved along; and nothing might suffice—
Not homage, praise, submission, sacrifice—
To melt that heart of Iron and of Ice.
For such it was, when dark Ambition wrought
Within the vast sphere of his towering thought.
On, on he moved,—in terrible might arrayed,
O'ermantling Earth as with his Shadow's shade!

As though the sweeping scythe he wrenched from
Time—
And played, terrifically played the Mime,
Girt with *his* fearful attributes—with all
His savage prowess fired, until his thrall—
His rule, was almost as supremely vast,
And Change came o'er Creation where he past!
As though the horrent ensign of command,
The giant-sceptre, from the clay-cold hand
Of Death he seized, and with o'ersweeping might
Usurped his shadowy Empire of the Night;
And too unconquerably strong went forth,
From earth to raze the loveliness and worth,
The glory, and the splendour, and the pride;
With Strife his playmate—Danger for his bride,
And Massacre still rampant at his side.

Yea! *Death*, Time's Phantom-comrade, *Death*, seemed still
To obey his dictates and to work his will;
To take stern hints from him, whose lordly voice
So oft had bade him feast him and rejoice—
Who many a banquet had before him spread,
When rash resisting foes bowed, sunk, and bled!
—As though ev'n at the *Fates* themselves he mocked,
And at their cloud-capped gates triumphant knocked,
And bade them mark his fiat and behest,
And homage do to their victorious guest—
And on their awful necks, would have them take
His yoke, and meekly follow in his wake,
And shield, and raise, and spare, or crush and smite,
Ev'n as he listed—as in proud despite
Of Circumstance, Expedience, or of Right—

A shadowing doubt his dread achievements cast
O'er the Heroic and Chivalrous Past!
And many a blazing deed of glorious war
Grows pale before his sun-surpassing star;
Hath not his name, his high and haughty name,
Made the unborn Future's sealed and shrouded Fame,
All—all but hopeless? since what acts shall bear
With his astounding triumphs to compare?—
All, all but hopeless, a precipitous aim,
An almost desperate quest and rash presumptuous claim?
His mighty influence still unchecked, extends
O'er the aroused Earth, even to its farthest ends.
Hath not his dust cried "havoc," from its cell?
His memory proved a dire and fearful spell?
His name, alas! a factious watchword been,
To pave once more with wrecks, earth's darkened scene?

But should this be? no! let his memory float,
Ev'n as a flag of truce,—and as a note
Proclaiming peace, let that wild name become;
And Concord, heavenly Concord from his tomb,
Spring like the rainbow from the storm's black gloom,
And so let the' Earth, the wronged unhappy Earth,
Be through his death consoled for his dark birth.

Droop lower still, ye mournful-drooping willows,
That crest Helena's hollow-sounding billows;
Droop lower still, above that awful dust,
Consigned to ye in melancholy trust,
Ye pensive sentinels! ye guardians meek!
That shade that burial-isle, the wild and bleak—
Whose cold, unsympathizing comrades are,
The Winds, the Rock, the Billow, and the Star;

Sweet willows! lone 's that dread tomb by the deep,
Your long, caressing, weeping boughs o'ersweep;
Sweet willows! far more fittingly above
The Son's calm grave, surely ye 'd lean in love
And drooping lowliness, and fragile grace,
Surely that tomb were more congenial place
For such meek mourners, than that last abode,
Of him, who the Earth in wrath and mystery trod—
Like the dread shadow of an angry God!

Droop lower still! o'er those proud embers, now
Weep sadder dews from every weeping bough,
For him the hope, the blessing, and the boast—
The Phœnix of proud Promise, fallen and lost;
Oh ever-weeping willows! though afar
He rest—inhumed beneath a distant star!

But thou shalt sleep while age succeeds to age,
And time 'gainst Earth his long-drawn war shall wage;
But thou shalt sleep a long and tranquil sleep,
Young princely Reichstadt! though *no* mourners keep
Perpetual vigil o'er thy place of rest,
Nor Art's, nor Nature's—these divinely drest
In leafy honours, and soft vernal hues,
Kissed by Heaven's winds and hallowed by Heaven's dews,
And those in marble lineaments composed,
Cold as the forms, the rigid forms enclosed
In the proud pompous sepulchre, beside
Where by like breathless watchers they abide;
Adversity thou 'st known, but even *her* yoke
Fell lightly on thy shoulders, as the stroke

Of Death the Conqueror hath descended now
To chill thy heart, and pale thy princely brow.
Thou 'rt fallen,—yet no! not fallen, but thou 'rt flown,
Thy guiltless soul doth Earth's dull thrall disown,
And other realms than hers, are all thine own!
Thou 'st left behind, like suns that smile and set,
A twilight-tenderness of soft regret;
Thou 'st melted off, like music's loveliest breath,—
Peace to thy gentle Soul, even Peace in Death!

THE MEETING.

Oh! do me right—mine own beloved,
Do right unto this heart of mine—
Nor deem 't would be thus deeply moved,
At any grief or pain but thine!

'T is true my dearest hopes depart,
Bowed, blighted, by the change I see;
But 't is more dreadful to my heart,
Since such change is not *all* to *me*.

Alas! a change,—dark change hath come
O'er thy smooth cheek, o'er thy clear eye!
A shade of care—a touch of gloom,
How can I bear *thy* misery?

Would, would the change were but to me,
I 'd then endured the coldest greeting;
But thus to find grief martyring thee,
This makes the madness of our meeting!

I had endured a *parting* too,
Cold as ev'n thy heart hath become;
Alas, it is so wildly true,
That Love and thee contrive my doom!

I had endured all, all but this
Unmurmuringly endured, and brooked;
And gazing but on thy dear bliss—
Mine own despair had overlooked.

Now all is worse than woe to me,
Fond martyr of no selfish feeling;
Ah! 't is not *Happiness*—'t is *thee*
I love and prize past all revealing!

SONG.

I think of thee, and only thee!
Far, far we 're darkly severed now:
Weighed down by clouds of Memory,
I hang my faintly drooping brow.

I think of thee—thou far away;
My Life's rich Crown of happiness!
And meet with tears Morn's earliest ray,
And wish its rosy glory less!

And yet, not so! I little care
How beautiful, how bright it be:
I scarce can see, I cannot share,
Its gladness and festivity.

Beauty to me hath now become
The phantasm of itself; and so,
All things consent in kindred gloom,
All things have fellowship in Woe!

Ev'n Music's rich and festal breath
Unheeded falls upon mine ear;
For deaf it is, as frozen death,
To all that once was—oh, how dear!

And Nature—Nature! could I thread
Her fairest paths, or plunge me deep
Where her o'ershadowing forests spread;
Ev'n thence no pleasure could I reap.

And oh! 't is well, 't is deeply well;
If thus to Sorrow's tearful ken
Pleasure be inaccessible,
It cannot smile in mockery then;

It cannot bitterly remind
Of joys once ours, dispersed and flown:
Then let me still be deaf and blind
To all but Grief—but Grief alone!

Contrast then heightens not regret,
Nor wounds with keener heart-aches new:
No! when my Sun of gladness set,
Each Star sunk down the horizon too!

I think of thee—all, only thee,
Loved Cynosure of every thought;
My life now seems but Memory,
And all that is not memory—*nought!*

I think of thee from noon till night,
From night till morn, from morn till noon;
And though too slow the hours' dull flight,
Their dark successors come too soon!

SONG.

I love thee—I love thee!—O words of all words,
How they thrill through the heart-strings, the bosom's
quick chords;
I love thee! at last I may fearlessly own,
That my heart and for ever is thine—thine alone,
I love thee! how long that confession hath hovered
Round these tremulous lips—whose fond tremours
discovered,
That Truth which by silence was vainly suppressed,
Since that deep burning silence itself e'en confessed!

Ere while the light breath of a breeze might have
stirred
This too sensitive heart, even the sound of a word,

Ah! a breath that had moved, not a roseleaf had shaken,
The spirit too prompt and too quick to awaken;
Ay! had tempested wildly this bosom's deep feelings,
That now finds repose in these raptured revealings;
I love thee—I love thee! my Only, my Own,
I love thee for ever—I love thee alone!

I love thee! I love thee! O sound of all sounds,
They make our frail life overleap its dull bounds—
There 's a music in them, that the clear cloudless air
Of Paradise only is worthy to bear;
Yet a music that makes ev'n our atmosphere chill,
With a passion of ecstasy, tremble and thrill;
I love thee, I love thee!—O words of all words,
How they throb through the heart strings, the bosom's
quick chords!

OH! SAY YE NOT.

Oh! say ye not—oh! say ye not, that Love, deep
Love is vain;
Nay, though he frame the rack, and forge the galling
grinding chain;
Though he draw the cloud of frowning gloom o'er the
Morning's laughing ray,
And trouble with wild thunder-showers the golden
noon of day.
Though from Hope's own rainbow-pictures fair, he
the glittering tints efface,
And the saddest shades dim Memory throws, may
scatter in their place;

The saddest shades, the gloomiest dyes, for those soft and smiling hues:

Though he thus may bid o'erclouded life, its brightest radiance lose;

Dry up the fountains of delight, till not a drop remains,

And for a thousand pleasures, bring a thousand torturing pains;

Wither the glorious flowers of life, yet in their opening bloom—

And choke the very pathways, e'en the pathways to the tomb,

With their scattered leaves of beauty fallen, with their buds and blossoms soiled,

Their bloom, their grace evanished, their roseate pride despoiled:

Though he beguile the unwatchful heart with
treacherous craft and stealth,
And take from the smooth cheek of youth, the hues of
hope and health;—
Yet, say ye not—oh! say ye not, that Love, deep
Love is vain,
Though haply this he oft hath done, and oft shall do
again!
Though he split the heart's light pleasure-barks, with
many a startling shock;
Founder the mind's rich argosies on many a hidden
rock;
And drift their garnered treasures far, on a wild
and wandering wave,
Or bury them in some dark hold—some lone and
lampless grave:

Though he pour in Life's deep chalice oft, black drops of venomed woe,
That turn its draught to bitterness, and taint its healthful flow;
Though he brings, full oft, a banded host of wild and phantom things,
Fiend-like, to try the very heart, with their scourgings and their stings;
Fierce jealousies, and maddening doubts, and racking, withering cares,
That hide within the human breast, like serpents in their lairs;—
Despite this shadowy retinue—despite this phantom train—
Oh! say ye not—oh! say ye not, that Love, deep Love is vain!

No! 't is blindfolded and trammelled he so wildly, darkly works,
And bounds on many an ambushed snake that in his pathway lurks;
Whose angry venom in his veins, all fearfully ferments,
And turns his loveliest thoughts and dreams to harsh and dire intents.
Oh! 't is maddened and bewildered so, and 't is cheated and misled,
With many a mesh about him cast, and mist around him spread;
Oh! 't is harshly thwarted and constrained, and 't is baffled and o'erborne,
Haply, by dark, untoward chance, by change, and wrong, and scorn:

That thus he leads a fiery host, to endanger and to alarm,

And wears full many a fearful guise of evil and of harm;

Till a cherub-Proteus he should seem, with a thousand thousand forms,

Like the ever-changeful rainbows of the Summer's fitful storms.

But the likeness of the Morning Star, on his fair front still he bears,

Glimmering through many a darkening cloud, and vapoury mist of tears;

Betraying his bright presence so, and his nature pure and high—

His sphery Nature,—for, in sooth, his birthplace is yon Sky;

His birthplace is yon Orient Sky—and there too is his
home,
And thither shall he fly, when free from Earth's
entangling doom:
Lo! in the narrowness and chill of Mortality's frail
hour,
How glorious is his living might, how wondrous is
his power!
His playthings are the thunderbolts; like the young
Olympian Jove,
He grasps them in his rosy hands—the child-like,
blooming Love!
His playthings are the thunderbolts, and his play-
fellows the Fates—
The rushing winds of Heaven his steeds, and the
Stars of Heaven his mates.

Though his speed may match the lightning's flash, yet
he perisheth not so;—
Immortal as those starry lights, is his deep, unfading
glow;—
While midst the many ills and griefs, that recklessly
he brings,
He wafts pure, priceless blessings on his sweeping,
viewless wings.
And he bears up, with a mighty strength, the frail
and fragile frame,
In the daring of Affection's truth—on, on through
flood or flame:
Oh! say ye not—then say ye not, that Love, deep
Love is vain!
Worship and worshippers not thus contemn with false
disdain.

Though in sooth, in this cold world, this drear, and
tristful world of ours,
Shorn are his brightest, loveliest rays, and chained
his noblest powers;
And the bosomed secret of his strength, the source of
his great might,
In Heaven shall be revealed alone, in characters of
Light.
Yet something of that Heaven belongs, even *here*, to
his wide reign:
Tell me not, then—oh! tell me not, that Love, deep
Love is vain!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Is there one thing on Earth which may remain
Without one darkening shade or sullying stain?
Is there one thing on Earth which may be kept
Holy as reliques o'er which Saints have wept?
Midst all its dust and dross, its gloom and clouds,
The blight which taints, the darkness that enshrouds,
Oh! think of Woman's heart—the pure and high—
The brightest jewel of Mortality!
E'en as the fragile Censer, which doth hold
The living flames within its fair, frail mould—

Unscorched, unscathed; so doth that gentle heart,
Which oft on Earth sustains a trying part,
So doth that meek and gentle heart contain,
Throbbing and thrilling through its every vein,
The boiling passion-fountains quick and wild;
And yet, how oft! undimmed and undefiled,
E'en as that fragile Censer, that displays
No angry mark, where glowed the flame's keen blaze!
Or as some Casket, buried in the Dust,
With store of costliest gems for its rich trust,
Which that fair freight preserves unstained and pure;
So doth that heart triumphantly endure;
And its bright wealth of high affections guard,
By no defiling touch profaned or marred;

Though cabined darkly in the enshrouding clay,
Far from the blessed influence of the day—
The pure and perfect day—which yet shall shine
On those sealed treasures, with a glow divine.
Is there one thing, then, that may brightly last—
Brightly, with all Earth's clouds about it cast?
Midst all the shadowing gloom, the dross, the dust,
The blight, the plague, the canker, and the rust?
Is there one thing, that may on Earth endure—
Bright, stainless, pure—immaculately pure?
Think, think of Woman's heart! that calmly keeps
Its firm, unswerving way o'er perilous steeps,
Through threatening gulphs of human Doom and Ill;
(Midst all the dampening mists, the gloom, the chill
That dwell upon Mortality's dull air;
The frosts, the blights, the poisonous dews of Care;)

Through the twined labyrinths, o'er the thorny
wastes,
Past the fierce torrents, 'gainst the sweeping blasts,
Beneath the varying skies—the uncertain skies,
Where many a meteor doth in mockery rise—
And many a cloud doth dim and darkling sail,
To make those pallid meteors yet more pale,
And shroud their dubious lustre in a veil:
Think of the love of Woman's heart, the strong,
The true,—if doth to mortal things belong
Indeed that heart, with all its feelings deep,
And warm Emotions high, condemned to reap
So oft from sterile Earth's unfruitful shore,
Harvests of ashes—black and bitter store;
That heart, which meets each harsh ordeal unmoved,
That since Creation hath borne, suffered, loved—

Loved with a love that makes the entranced soul
Slave by its own compulsion and control;
Oh, loved beyond all powers of words to express—
To torture, and to phrenzy, and to excess,
E'en unto Death, and death's worst bitterness;
The Love of Woman!—say, what thoughts shall sound,
What terms shall measure, and what dreams shall bound
That depth of feeling fearfully profound?—
The matchless love of woman! The true heart
Where that supreme immortal love hath part,
Clad in Celestial-tempered panoply,
Shall all assaults of changeful fate defy;
And surely shall, midst all earth's glooms, remain
Without a darkening shade or sullying stain—

That heart, which in its dreamy stillness lies,
Bared, only bared to the over-shadowing skies—
And that like some lone well—lone, clear and deep,
The treasured image doth unbroken keep,
Of some one cherished object and beloved,
That shall not thence be shaken nor removed—
E'en like the glassy waters of that well,
Which in such depths of lone retirement dwell,
That while red sunshine laughs o'er mount and plain,
One single star's reflection they retain;
And all creation's varied wonders spurn
From their divinely consecrated urn!
Dreamings and breathings of a holier sphere,
Surely uplift ye, tremblers 'mid the fear—
And gloom which round ye wearying, wildering spread,
The clouds that weigh on each dejected head;

And tenderest influences all gently blend,
With the atmosphere about ye, spread and lend
Etherial colouring, soft, and mild, and faint,
Such as might gild the brows of dreaming saint—
Unto the aspect of all earthly things;
And Hopes, high hopes, upon their viewless wings
Upbuoy ye, stirring, quickening all the springs
Of being, freshening all the changeful airs
Of Life to vigour, midst the heavy cares
That hang about Existence, chill and wan—
And lengthen drearily the allotted span;
'Midst conflicts, tribulations, trial, wrong,
Those Hopes prevail, and make the fragile strong,
They, like the heavenly fall of genial dew,
Revive your hearts, too sorrowfully true,
In their affections, and their sufferance too;

And mingling with the emotions full and deep,
That through your veins with glowing fervour leap—
They make them nobler, worthier, and do wean
From too unmixed devotion to earth's scene—
For loving hearts are earthward-clinging still,
And every pulse of yours, with love doth thrill!
So pass ye on—with such high hopes to bless,
Beautiful—beautiful in Holiness—
Mighty in calm Submissiveness, serene,
Exalting, solemnizing your bright mien—
Almost imposing in the purity
That makes ye seem like Natives of yon sky;
So pass ye on in lowliness supreme,
In gentleness how potent! by the gleam
Of an immortal Beacon's pure light led,
Piercing the darkness round your pathway spread;

Girt round with faith, and armed with innocence;
Though sorely tried with influences intense
Of Feeling and of Passion, evermore
That brood and dwell within your bosom's core.
Feeling and Passion !—ay ! the mighty twain
Prove your chief blessing, or your deadliest bane:
Feeling and Passion !—yea ! their true abode
Is in that full heart's depths, whence forth have flowed
Their purest currents, and their deepest streams,
Worthy to glass an Angel's white-robed dreams.
But ah ! too often dimmed by angry clouds,
The tempest's shadows, and the midnight's shrouds;
Ruffled too oft, by fitful-rising wind,
When Peace hath vanished, and dear Hope declined;

And stained—yet no, not stained, but darkened,
veiled
By many a mist, along their surface trailed.
Yet oft, how oft, that Love *itself* inspires—
Itself enkindles with undying fires—
Itself sustains—itself preserves from harm,
Fires the soft heart, and nerves the fragile arm;
And with a power-bestowing, blest control,
Reigns o'er the enrapt' and elevated soul!
Yea! the immortal, the transcendent Love,
Itself the stay, the guiding-star shall prove;
Brightener and Strengthener—gloriously made—
Through gloom and storm, through desert, waste, and
shade:
And Comforter and firm Defender too—
Steadfast and potent, tender and most true!

Yea ! Love shall be—as often it hath been—
Of Woman's heart, the staff and shield and screen :
Proving, midst trial and vicissitude,
The dearest blessing and the deepest good—
The Joy, the Life, the Spirit and the Power—
The only hope of many an anxious hour,
When pleasures fade, and disappointments lower !
And in that heart, another Love is found
Than that which builds its trust on mortal ground.
Yea ! in that heart another Love abideth,
Than that which in Earth's shadow dimly glideth :
Another tenderness, another trust
Than that which clings to perishable dust.
A consecrated Love, a raptured zeal—
'T is happiness, 't is almost Heaven to feel !

A tenderness, exalting in its truth;

A feeling, fresh with an unfading youth;

Strengthening, ennobling, solemnizing, pure—

Made to prevail, and chartered to endure:

Earth's happiest happiness, Heaven's highest height,

A pure emotion, a sublime delight;

Not subject unto Disappointment's sway—

Not liable to Change, nor to Decay!

The Love, the dedicated Love of Heaven;

Through which be earthly Love's *excess* forgiven!

LINES ON THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FLOWER! a mighty feeling's linked with thee,
Thou 'rt made a Temple unto Memory;
All delicate and fragile as thou art—
And 'midst the emerald glooms of vernal woods,
And flowering depths of shadowy solitudes,
Thou shin'st, and smil'st, a Trophy of the Heart!

Thine's the celestial consecrated hue,
The beautiful, beloved, mysterious blue—
Shared in its exquisite variety—
By ocean in his dread magnificence,
By the most ancient heavens—profound, intense,—
And *thee*—Ephemeral loveliness! and thee.

Thou hast thy rivals, 'mid the clustering shades!
The thousand flowers that deck those green arcades—
Delaying with their sweets, the woodland bee,
The water-lily, and the cup-moss bright,
The rich wild-hyacinth dyed with rainbowed light,
And the transparent wood-anemone!

These, to the butterfly and bee are dear,
As thou—when gemmed by morning's living tear,
Or ruffled into sweetness by the breeze;
But, to the *human heart* thou 'rt dearer far—
Thou twilight-gilding, westward-pointing star,
Dearer than all—than any one of *these!*

Yet wherefore art thou *here?* thou should'st be found,
Where cumbering ruins load the untrodden ground—
And the old long-ago doth dimly brood!

Where the unblossomed ivy hangs forlorn—
Thick matted with the darkling weed and thorn!
Not in the privacy of this sweet wood.

Vain thought! where'er we turn, where'er we move,
Some record might be raised to human love;
The unconquerable—universal power,
The mightiest one of all the earth!—no bound
His Reign can limit, nor his Realm surround,
An age of ages were to him, an hour!

Haply—the delicate elements that form
Thy tender frame—once trembled quick and warm,
Beneath *his* influence—Lord of the human Lot!
For through full many a shape man's dust doth pass,
And lovelier none than thine—star of thy class;
Sweet, dreamy, spiritual Forget-me-not!

SONG.

BRING me my harp—and let me sing
  Thy sorrows all to sleep;
A charm from yon blue heaven I'll wring,
  A spell from yon blue deep.

To soothe, to glad thy sinking heart,
  My gentle friend beloved,
To bid the darkness, thence depart,
  The weight be thence removed.

I'll bid thee mark the clouds that fly,
  With threatening aspect drear and dark,
Along the wide and shadowy sky—
  Then bid thee their dispersion mark.

I 'll shew thee on the water's breast
A thousand bubbles, white and wild—
Then bid thee mark them sink to rest,
In glassy smoothness reconciled.

My harp is brought—Oh, let it bring
O'er thy pale cheek a smile serene—
Alas! I fear 't will only fling
A darker shade along its sheen.

Music's so close allied to love—
How should it soothe thy love-born woe,
Ah! how should music's self remove,
A shade that music's soul could throw.

Bear hence my harp—our mutual grief,
(For shadow-like, mine followeth thine;)
Shall in indulgence seek relief,
In sympathy a cure divine.

THE STAR AND THE LIGHTNING.

THE bright star trembles, that shall still endure
A Paradise of radiance—deep and pure;
And seems to fear its glory's rich excess,
Tremulous in its everlastingness!
As hearts that doubt of their own happiness!
The bright star trembles, in its pride of place,
Yet still unswerving runs its glorious race;
And crowned with light that ages cannot dull,
Streams, unextinguishably beautiful!
The scornful lightning in its arrowy flight,
Speeds straight unto the abyss of endless night,
It flames, it flashes, and its course is run—
And never more shall kindling star nor sun,

Release it, nor reprieve it, nor recall—

It flies unheeding to its perilous fall;

Untremulously hurries to its doom,

Unhesitating—leaps into its tomb!

So doth a haughty heart in its disdain

Rush madly on—defying check and rein;

So doth it urge its headlong fierce career,

Unshaken by one natural throb of fear;

Till wrecked at last on bleak Destruction's coast,

It sinks—it fails—inevitably lost!

And like that deathless and enduring star,

Holding its brightly-troubled course afar—

(For such it seems to be to mortal sight,

While ever-trembling shines its gleaming light;)

So doth the humble spirit bear on still,

And meekly its appointed part fulfil—

Tremulous in its everlastingness;

Tremulous in its glorious stedfastness—

E'en like that changeless and immortal light

(Whose beams inflame the sombre, silent night)

That still pursues its bright eternal way,

Shedding around an atmosphere of day!

That presses forward to its destined goal,

The noblest Prototype of man's high soul!—

So doth the humble spirit move on still,

And meekly its appointed course fulfil;

With boundless prospects fair, and guerdons sure,

Girt to sustain—unflinchingly to endure,

Till called to enjoy, to exult, and to adore

On high—for ever and for evermore!

LINES ON .... SINGING.

THE music springs from thy pure breast,
Like Venus from the Sea;
Her birth lulled storm and surge to rest,
So might thy Minstrelsy.

And yet that minstrelsy exerts,
More sweet, more solemn power;
Hushing the storms in human hearts,
E'en in their mightiest hour!*

* Originally published in the "Keepsake."

TO OTHERS GIVE THY LOVELIEST SMILES.

To others give thy loveliest smiles,
Thy honeyed words of joy and cheer;
For others keep thy winning wiles:—
Give me thine every tear!

To all dispense thy looks of Light;
The sunshine of the lips and eyes—
That living sunshine, more than bright:
Give me thy *thoughts* and sighs!

With others share thy happiest hours,
Thy spirit's light and brilliant mood,
Thy wit's fair gems, thy fancy's flowers:—
Give *me* thy solitude!

And let those gay and summer friends,
Thy notice and thy favour claim;
And still, when day's fleet season ends,
Breathe in thy *prayers—my name!*

Theirs be thy sunny-sparkling smiles;
Theirs—theirs each radiant glance of thine;
The glance that binds while it beguiles—
The smiles that scathing shine!

And since thou lov'st not hallowed sadness,
But shrink'st from sorrow's lightest breath;
With others live a life of gladness:—
Give me thine hour of Death!

That hour—the last of troublous life—
When destiny and dust must part;
And hopes and fears make deadlier strife
Than the cold hand on our heart:

When hearts, that deem'd they loved before,
Such love forget—forego;
And (Passion's fevered throb past o'er)
Shrink from their share of woe!

When hearts, whose Love was false and light,
Live on—and love no longer;
Then *my* Love, like the stars in night,
Shall steadier shine, and stronger!

Yet, if this wretched hope—e'en this,
May not to me be given:
Oh! thine be all Earth hath of bliss;
And may *we meet* in Heaven!

FAREWELL! AND NOT THE FIRST FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! and not the first Farewell,
These agonizing lips have sighed;
My heart,—beneath that deadly spell,
Better that thou hadst died!

We part, alas! how differently—
More differently, perchance, to meet.
Absence will steal thy heart from me;
To me, 't will make thy faults e'en sweet.

Farewell! and not the first Farewell
I 've sighed to those most cherished:
My heart,—beneath the withering spell,
Better that thou hadst perished!

Farewell! I dare not look beyond
This parting-moment's dreary bound;
Nor raise illusions fair and fond,
On Hope's forbidden ground!

Yet be this grief, mine all—mine only;
I 'm covetous of the unshared pain:
And whilst I mourn, apart and lonely,
Each added grief shall seem a gain!

And, miser-like, let me count o'er
Each ill that thwarts, each pang that tries:
The heavy sum, the gloomy store,
Shall have its value in mine eyes.

Suffering for thee, though keen the smart,
Shall still be dear, shall still be sweet;
Though very differently we part,
And very differently may meet!

And suffering, *without* thee—whate'er
May be the infliction and the woe—
Must still the last, worst torture spare,—
The thought that *thou* art suffering too!

Farewell! and not the first Farewell
These altered lips have spoken:
My heart,—beneath that deadening spell,
Better hadst thou been broken!

Alas! how differently we part—
To meet more differently, I fear:
Absence will harden more thy heart—
Make faithlessness to me e'en dear!

IT MAY NOT BE!

It may not be—it must not be;

Oh! it must never be for me!

E'en Hope is now impossible,

And e'en Despair can deem 't is well!

Despair, whose ghastly reign must last,

Till merged and melted in the Past!

And thou, dark Future!—soon shalt be

That Past, or the Eternity!

It may not be—it must not be:

Oh! it can never be for me!

Then whither, whither shall I wend,

Who prize of life alone—its end?

Indifference! worse than scorn or hate,

And must thou prove my dreary fate?

Then let me turn these mournful eyes

From Earth, unto the pitying Skies!

And if—oh! bitter thought intense—

My fate *must* be Indifference;

Let me—far sweeter, dearer doom—

Both *find* and *feel* it in the tomb!

ALONE!

ALONE through this wild world I tread,
And weep that I 'm alone;
The tears I daily, nightly shed,
Flow for the bright days flown.

Thou sunshiny and flowery earth,—
Thou would'st unto my heart atone
For many a pang, for much of dearth,
Were I less utterly alone!

Were there one eye, whose gentle glance
Might bear deep sympathy's pure light
Far through my soul,—and break its trance,
And chase its gloom, with tenderest might:—

Were there one hand, whose eloquent clasp,
Could charm afflictions to repose—
Check Sorrow's sigh and Pain's low gasp;
And while away these haunting woes.

Were there one heart, whose pulse might thrill,
Fountain of sweet response to mine—
One heart, that time might never chill,
And oh! if that one heart were *thine!*

Were thine, thou false one! who could'st fling
Thy once-loved, like a weed away;
And clouds of heaviest sorrow bring,
To shade and shroud her life's young day.

But vain, and bitter as 't is vain,
Is this wild dream—yet must I moan,
And pine, with deep heart-gnawing pain—
That I 'm thus utterly alone!

Fain would I learn to love the cold,
That crowd about my onward path;—
But could my woman's heart withhold
The fervent passionateness it hath?

And if I learned to love again,
As I have vainly loved before—
This Heart, now half-resigned to pain,
Must con the bitter task once more.

Ah! not the coldness of the loved,
Can damp the faithful bosom's truth;
A thousand hearts such fate have proved,
And mourned their desolated youth!

Then hopeless, silent, still alone—
Heart of my blighted youth—remain!
Since I have found in wild days flown,
Love's latest, lasting gift is *Pain*.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

AND say'st thou that I should not weep,
But haughtily my griefs control?
Little thou know'st how dark, how deep
Are sorrow, and my secret soul!

I have but few dim hopes here now;
The few I have, seem plumed for flight:
With unshed tears aches this pale brow;
My future 's nothing, or—'t is night!

Mine only hate, is to be here;
Mine only wish, must be to die:
Oh! could my life melt in a tear,
My soul pass on a sigh!

And thou would'st have me smile! Not so;
'T would agonise this frozen heart:
'T is deadened now by crushing woe;
Ah! unawakened let it part!

Love's loveliest guerdons I have won!
Leave, leave me to my blackened doom—
A hope destroyed—a heart undone:
His costliest gift shall be—the tomb!

When thou dost dream 't is sunlight all,
I see the encroaching shadows steal,
And hear a faint, unearthly call,
Through festal music's loudest peal!

And oh! in smiles, to thee so dear,
I mark the mock of destiny;—
They but embitter more the tear,
That still shall follow as they fly!

Yet think not—ah! beware of thinking
That I would exile smiles from thee;
Nor deem my spirit's love is shrinking
From thy heart's joyauncy.

I would not, could not, e'en in *love*,
One dimple from that cheek displace—
Wish thee one warning pang to prove—
One light hope from thy bosom chase!

If in my heart *self-love* remains,
'T is a harsh love—unpitying, stern;
Covetous of soul-chastening pains—
Studious life's deadliest truths to learn.

But oh! the love I feel for thee
Is weak, as womanhood is weak;
Tender, as tenderest infancy;
All humbly mild—all gently meek!

But few have been the visitings
Of young Joy to *my* heavy heart;
But when I wish *thy* pleasures wings,
May my last hope depart!

My bosom-knowledge is but slight
Of Happiness, and her glad train;
But would I damp thy soul's delight,
Or make thee partner of my pain?

Each tear I 'd draw from those dear eyes,
May it be mine, e'en *mine* to shed;
Each cloud I 'd weave o'er thy life's skies,
Burst o'er my long-devoted head.

Ere I can wish thee cause for care,
Redoubled be mine every sigh;
Be it mine each threatened ill to bear—
Destined for either fate—and die!

THE REPROACH.

THE tear is long dried from thy cheek,
Since last we met—and met to part;
And thou could'st dream, such doom would break
Thy young and bounding heart.

I told thee—did I tell thee true?—
Thou strangely wert mistaken;
That ere Spring's firstling flowers burst through,
Thy faith might be forsaken!

And then, upon the wild bough near,
Hung Winter's last and frailest gems;
And a faint flush began to appear
Beneath his crystal diadems!

And Winter then went hastening by—
His thin robes eddying in the blasts
Of haughty March, whose whirlwind-cry
Pealed through the long-deserted wastes.

I told thee how the world would win
Each purpose of thy soul away;
And tame the fiery heart within,
And mould thy spirit to its sway.

I told thee how the world would claim
Thy worship for its thousand shrines;
Power, Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and Fame—
Its zodiac of conflicting signs!

I told thee Woman's heart was proved
An unchanged, unforgetting thing;
(That Man's—if Man's hath ever loved—
Loves while 't is on the wandering wing.)

But fervently didst thou deny
Such bitter, bitter truths could be;
And with the unanswerable sigh,
Forced my heart's lingering doubts to flee.

The tear is long dried from thy cheek,
Since last we met—and met to part!
If any heart is doomed to break,
I fear 't will be this wretched heart!

As, fascinated by the snake,
The bird all moveless, helpless stays:
So, till my heavy heart *shall break*,
My memory on *that hour* must gaze!

THE CONTRAST.

No! it was not the diamonds that blazed round her arms,
Nor the pearls that exalted her forehead's fair charms,
Nor the circlet of brilliants that gleamed mid her hair,
That arrested my footsteps, to gaze on her there.
'T was the misery throned on her deathly pale brow;
'T was the coldness and dampness that sate on its snow;
'T was the wide-wandering glance of her dark, rolling eye;
'T was the half-smothered tone of her tremulous sigh!

O, sorrow of sorrows! to stand in the crowd,
Where no tear must be shed—and no pang be avowed;
O, sorrow of sorrows! to dwell 'mid the gay—
When the heart with its anguish is withering away;
When with agonized eyes we must view the bright throng,
And with agonized ears, hear the loud festal song—
And with agonized heart, coin smiles hollow and vain,
A mask—but a poor fragile mask for its pain!
When that heart gathers back to its centre and core,
The long troubled waves that o'erflowed it before—
And the pressure of grief, and the weight of dismay,
Is too much for the spirit—too much for the clay!
O, sorrow of sorrows! to mix with the many,
When the soul is too sick to share converse with any;

While the brilliant procession of gladness doth pass,
Like the shapes of a dream on some wizard's charmed glass;
While a thousand bright pleasures seem beckoning us on,
And our hearts are by one sore affliction undone—
While a thousand light subjects we hear gay discussed,
While *one* torturing reflection grinds *us* to the dust—
No, it was not the diamonds that blazed round her arms,
Not her queen-like array, nor her exquisite charms—
'T was the look that she bore of eternal Despair,
That arrested my footsteps to gaze on her there!

LINES ON A BOWER.

My bower! in earlier, dearer, happier years,
When hopes like sunbeams glanced—like dew-drops,
fears—
I wove for thee a wild and artless strain;
My childhood's bower! to thee I come again:
But come, how changed! no more, alas! no more,
Wearing the fearless smiles that then I wore;
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

Delightedly I sang, thy opening flowers
By sunshine nursed, and sunny-glancing showers;
A wild of flowers my childish heart was then—
Such flowers as shun the beaten paths of men,
And perish long ere life's proud perilous noon,
Ah! blown too early, or struck down too soon.
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

The summer and the summer's royal rose—
The glorious woods in their serene repose,
The sweet clear voice of birds—the bees' low hum,
The thousand scents, that on the fresh breeze come,
Do these beguile not as they once beguiled;
Ah, then I smiled and recked not that I smiled:
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

I come not now as I was wont before,
With Joy's rich tumults in my quick heart's core,
And Hope's wild fervours brightening ev'ry thought;
I bring not back the unclouded mind I brought
In those dear days,—whose haunting memory now
Can but more pain my heart, and chill my brow;
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

And now to me the birds' triumphant strain,
The flowers, the streams, but bring a sense of pain,
'T is vain, 't is bitter, 't is importunate,
The attested joy of Nature—while stern fate
Lowers with inveterate shadows dim and cold—
Lengthening o'er all, my wearied eyes behold.
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

Still, I *feel* Summer must be beautiful,
('T is but my senses that are chilled and dull;)
With all her living lights, her flushing hues,
Her glistening smiles and rainbow-glancing dews!
And *thou* art beautiful—in leaf and flower,
Thou whom my mournful heart hath wrong'd, old bower!
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

It hath wronged *thee*, wronged all, itself hath wronged,
With strains that nor befitted, nor belonged
Unto the season and the scene; for still
It cannot choose but feel an answering thrill—
While these rich melodies are pouring round,
And these bright hues are kindling up the ground;
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

Some cause there is indeed for thoughtful care,
For spirit-breathings deep of inward prayer—
Voices are hushed, whose precious tones of cheer,
Could even those festal melodies endear;
Footsteps are missing, whose loved echoes yet,
My heart would find it hopeless to forget!
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years can bring to pass!

Ay! they are gone—the lovely, the unforgot—
Whose radiant forms, once lit this blossomy spot,
More beautiful than summer and its rose;
Ay, they are gathered to a long repose—
The splendour of the season cannot come,
To cheer them, nor to light them in their tomb:
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

And never more their shrouded eyes shall see
The exultant glory of the flower and tree;
And never more their fettered sense rejoice,
In the dear blessing of a well-known voice—
They have found the gloomy goal they little sought,
Oh, what a heavy change for them is wrought—
A change, and many a change alas,
A few short years have brought to pass!

And yet, not so! away, dark thought away,—
They are where change shall never more have sway,
E'en in a land of deathless sunshine bright—
Invulnerable unto storm or blight;
They are, where I may meet them heart to heart,
Where no dark hour shall bid the loved ones part;
There change, like breath-stain from a glass,
Shall melt from Life's calm scene, and pass.

THE PIRATE'S TOMB.

WILD was the spot, and rude the Pirate's tomb;
The mountain-torrents thundered at its side;
And there, amidst the bleak and stormy gloom,
Knelt, in her loneliness, the pirate's Bride.

Her hair, dishevelled, swept the unsculptured stone,
Like some dark banner, to the winds unbound;
Her eye with ghastly lustre sadly shone,
Riveted on that spot of funeral-ground!

There oft she lingered, when the morning's ray
Showered crimsoning sun-gifts o'er the awakening world;
There oft remained, when midnight's murkiest sway
In angry darkness all the scenery furled.

That tomb was reared o'er one, whose mortal time
Had been o'ershadowed by unrighteous deeds;
His name and fame were linked with blood and crime:
Dark renegade from all ennobling creeds!

And yet that gentle—that devoted heart,
Poured all its passionate anguish o'er his dust,
As o'er his stormy life 't was once its part,
To shed its brightening love—its hallowing trust!

Woman!—oh, Woman! where art *thou* not found?
Thou with the heart of might, and reed-like frame—
Unto what fearful dooms art thou not bound;
And still and ever, changelessly the same!

Or in the convict's cell, or wanderer's tent;
Beneath the peasant's roof, or monarch's dome;
Or in the maniac's dreariest dungeon pent;
Or in the precincts of the loneliest tomb;—

Thou, still unchanged, 'midst every change, art seen:
A Star—the varying, vanishing clouds above —
Of human destiny; from thy sweet mien
Pouring the beatific light of Love!

And thou 'rt thus changeless—*thou*, poor child of Grief!
That mourn'st in silence, and that mourn'st alone;
Thy pale cheek, like a winter-stricken leaf,
Pillowed upon that cold, inveterate stone!

SONG.

UNFOLD, living blossoms of beauty! unfold—
The sky is one banner of crimson and gold,
The night-bird hath finished his exquisite lay—
And the lark, the loud lark pours his hymn to the day;
The green earth is kissed by the dew's gleaming shower,
Whose warm sun drops are drank by each bank and each bower;
Arise, laughing blossoms of beauty, arise!
For the sun brightly mounts in the wide gleaming skies,

And the fresh breeze blows soft from the mountains
afar,
And no gloom and no chill comes the sweet time to
mar:
Awake, beamy blossoms of beauty, awake!
The gold sun hath lit up the blue glistening lake,
Awake, and this lovely time, lovelier ye'll make!

They awake—they upspring—they outshine without
number;
But the violet's blue eyes still seem shrouded in
slumber;
Oh, violet! wake! the wild cherry trees round
thee,
With treasures of silver have covered and crowned
thee—

And the rich primrose-tufts, sparkle bright through
the grass—
Where the stream doth meandering and murmuring
pass,
While the wild flowers are set, like small gems in its
glass;
And the lily amid the dark mosses, outshines,
More dazzling than snowdrifts or cleft silver mines.
Oh, Morning! how dost thou pour down on our
sight
Profusion and fulness, of costly delight!
How dost thou for ever fresh glories disclose,
To win our worn hearts from their cares and our
woes!
As the earth by thy exquisite breath was renewed,
And e'en with its own primal radiance endued—

For so brightly by thee, is it coloured and drest,
That it smiles like a Paradise once more possessed—
And so sweetly thou clear'st it from soil and from stain,
That it blooms like a youthful creation again.
Oh Morning—thou com'st ever joyous and young,
As when first from the East, thy glad infancy sprung;
Ever joyous and young, shalt still burst from the sky,—
Till thy dawn, oh Eternity—*thy* dawn is nigh!

THE FIRST SIGHT OF DEATH.

THE first time I e'er looked on thee, Oh Death!
Thou hadst marbled an infant's tender frame—
The face was wan as a pale snow-wreath,
And shadowy as a vanishing dream.

And my heart, my heart drank strange draughts of woe,
Sweet slumberer! from that vision then—
Beholding that cherub-head laid low,
Which might never, never be raised again.

And yet though I wept—wept many tears
O'er thee, in thy placid stillness—*there*,
There was little of pain in my griefs and fears,—
Thou wert too calm, *too still*, and too fair.

Still I felt a religious, o'er-shadowing awe,
That crept o'er my pulses, and chilled my breath—
Yet I turned not—yet shrank not from what I saw,
Though 't was then I first beheld thee, Oh Death!

And I felt—to my inmost soul, I felt
The burdening weight of thy mystery;
And thy beauty, that froze my heart as I knelt—
A dreadful beauty it seemed to me!

The kings of the earth in their sceptred state,
Might not fill the mind with an awe so deep—
Nor around them bid such hushed reverence wait,
As that frail, that frailest *Dust* asleep!

Nor the leaders of hosts, in their triumph's hour,
In the pomp and the pride of their warrior might,
Chain down the soul with so strong a power,
As that simple, alas! that common sight;

And this I felt, while I turned away,
To where the sunshine was glittering bright;
And met the flush and the gladness of day,
With a shuddering sense of undelight.

And I looked on the blue, exulting skies,
With a sorrowing thoughtfulness, deep and still;
While the haunting gloom of those mysteries,
Lay on my soul with a hush and a chill.

Death! *Death* then became of the world a part,
To my altered feeling for evermore—
And schooled was my youthful mind and heart
In his ghastly knowledge, his shadowy lore.

And I bore away from that infant bier,
A memory to last through my after days—
To cloud my vision with many a tear,
With many a mist to distract my gaze!

And yet such memory I know to prize,
If it shadows this Life—oh, it hallows it too—
And it closelier rivets affection's ties,
Which I feel that *the pale hand* alone shall undo!

THE FAREWELL TO ZEINEB.

For Zeineb's smile, and for Zeineb's song,
I rush to the gonfalon and gong:
'Stead of sweet Music's dying fall—
Lo! the crash of armour and atabal!

'Stead of dark Zeineb's musky sighs—
'Stead of the starlight of her eyes—
The cymbal, the shawm, the war-conch's peal,
And the crimsoned flash of sweeping steel.

I have languished upon the bulbul's strain;
I must hear the thunders of War's wild plain:
I have lingered where th' orange scents float past;
I must breathe red Battle's sulphureous blast.

Yet I rush, like the wind, to the stormy field,
For I love the spear, and I love the shield,
The warrior's hardships, and warrior's zest,
More than a monarch's luxurious rest.

Lo! the war-blast drowns the farewell-song:
Forth to the battle, ye proud and strong!
Let our country's claim, and our country's call,
Be the dearest sound and spell of all!

Soon, soon shall th' enslaved and th' enslavers meet,
And our chains shall be trod by our trampling feet:
Loud is the voice of thy gathering, Oh War!
Zeineb, I leave thee, my heart's young star!

Yet, I leave thee with scarce a reluctant sigh,
For I 'll nobly conquer, or nobly die;
And oh! let no tears insult my grave,
If I perish; but bless the true and brave!

And now for the fierce and the heady fight:
Farewell to the scenes of repose and delight!
For my tender Zeineb's soft, dove-like tones,
Must I go to hear Death's harrowing groans?

For the liquid smiles of my Zeineb's eye,
Must I view the fierce writhings of agony;
And the gushing forth of the purple flood,
When that agony lessens with loss of blood?

Oh! thou fairest of Earth's fair, living planets!
Shall thy cheeks—bright, crimson-flowered pomegranates—
Grow pale and dim, at this parting hour?
No, no! let them shame each sister-flower!

No! let not one rose-hue that cheek desert;
Let it rather win from thy glowing heart
More burning tints, and more flushing dyes—
Like a flame, that from some proud pyre doth rise.

Go—Daughter of our own glorious land—
Go, bring me my spear with thine own soft hand;
Give me the faulchion, and bear me the shield:
Array thou thy bridegroom for Glory's field!

And weep not! but rather in pride rejoice,
If, with Victory pealed from his dying voice,
Afar from the bowers of the blessed Cashmeer
That warrior must die, who so worshipped you there!

LINES ON A LOVELY CHILD.

THOSE young glad eyes, that laugh beneath a brow
Calmer than breezeless waters—(whose soft flow
Is over gem-like pebbles, smooth and fair;)
A brow unwithered—nay, untouched by care—
How radiantly they tell their laughing tale
Of glowing hope—hope never known to fail!
Those young glad eyes, how beautiful, how bright,
Like azured incarnations of the light—
Like bedded violets, stained with colourings deep,
(Won from the warm rich dews that softly steep
Each folded leaf in hours of fragrant sleep!)
Yet e'en more exquisite their sunny hue,
Aërially — etherially blue;

While thine unclouded forehead, calm and clear,
The impress of that fearless joy doth bear,
Monopolized by childhood—and denied
To those who battle with life's deeper tide,
Its stronger currents, and its stormier course,
Where the conflicting waves roll, clamouring, hoarse—
Ah, stream of life! thou 'rt fairest near the source—
And *fearless* joy can never more be theirs,
Who once have borne, or battled with thy cares:
Childhood, blest childhood!—high and holy time—
How beautiful thou art, and how sublime!
And thou, sweet beauteous being! thou that now
Art near me, with thy laughing eye and brow,
O'er whose pure mind, as o'er a sheeny glass,
The shadow of the universe shall pass!

How like a rainbow, seems thy lovely life,
Far lifted o'er the surge, the storm, the strife!
Thou 'rt like a thrice-blessed bird of Paradise,
Borne on the breath of mighty harmonies—
A native of the sunshine and the skies;
Thou art a spring, whose after course shall be
'Midst streams that shall make glad the eternity!
A scion thou—whose branches yet shall shoot
From Earth to Heaven — and bear immortal fruit.
A link in the immense and wondrous chain,
Where frailest link was never hung in vain;
A star—whose sweet reflections cast a glow
O'er earth, even this dark, troubled earth below;
Unstained, unshadowed by its frowning gloom,
Smiling to cheer, to adorn it, and to illume.

Sweet star! O glorious scion! loveliest spring—
Most radiant bird, that never needs a wing:
Bright rainbow—like that gracious thing too, made
Of tears, and splendours, colour, light and shade!
Pure living link, that never shall be lost—
More precious than fine gold of heaviest cost.
Child, blessed care of heaven's own angel host!
Bright, beauteous innocent! ah, who can tell
What characters shall stamp the chronicle
Of thy veiled future—what the times unborn
Shall shew thee when that covering veil is torn;
What hidden fortunes are reserved for thee—
What after-paths of gloom and mystery
Thy feet may have in faltering trust to tread—
What crushing tempests may assail that head,

What pangs may agonize that guileless heart,
(That now but recks of life its brighter part)
Ah! wring that soul, that scarce hath learned to feel,
With inward throes—no outward arts can heal!
And yet, what gladness beams along thy brow—
What kindlings of delight illume it now!
Would, would with fond belief that I might dwell,
On the sweet prophet-tales it seems to tell.
Alas! too much of human life I know,
Too much of all the mysteries of its woe—
E'en childhood's laughter-loving joys too view,
As real, and dare to deem them *lasting* too!
No, no—the change, the storm, the blight must come,
Guests of the soul, and guides to the opening tomb.
Those lightning-laughters, beauty-breathing smiles,
The young enchantments of thy artless wiles—

Thy angel-mien, that but of hope doth speak,
The rose of beauty opening on thy cheek,—
All shall become the sports, all, all the spoil
Of ambushed foes that none may 'scape nor foil!
Fear, Doubt, Pain, Disappointment, Sickness, Care;
These things know not to pity nor to spare—
And yet we weep, how bitterly we weep
O'er those, who in life's dayspring fall asleep;
The early called—the unutterably blest—
The spared—the chosen—the consigned to rest;
How painfully we weep o'er each sweet flower,
Culled in the pride of its unfolding hour—
Ere changeful gusts, ere harsh and blighting airs
Of life assailed it—life, whose cankering cares
Too oft attack the loveliest and the best,
And plant the venom in the tenderest breast;

But thou, sweet child! I will hope better things
For thee—and e'en if the veiled Future brings
Trials and sorrows on its gliding wings,
Let Faith be still the gracious covering cloud,
Thy shrinking form to o'ermantle and enshroud;
Then, then shall influences benign prevail—
Smoothed be thy passage through this shadowy vale,
Sanctified be thy sorrows and thy fears,
Glorified all thy trials and thy tears!
Thine shall be consolations pure and high,
Dropped like the sacred manna from the sky—
Thine shall be hopes with precious mysteries fraught,
And thine the unearthly sovereignties of thought.

THE SULTANA'S LAMENTATION.

WHERE falling orange-blossoms load the ground;
Where jasmines wreathe their silvery crests around
The lightly-clustered pillars, smooth and white,
That gleaming, prop a fairy-fabric slight—
(A bowered kiosk; such as a Sorceress-Queen,
Who midst the old Genii-gardens oft had been,
Might covet, placed in such enchanted scene!)
Where fountains, fed with scented waters, play;
And trellised roses, shut out half the day,
And make a crimson twilight of the rest—
Even of the glowing sunshine of the East!
On golden cushions (wrought with broideries rare,
And stained with thousand rainbow-colours fair)

The young Sultana mournfully reclines,
Nor heeds the scene, that round her smiles and shines.
Some dear delusion, surely doth enchain
Her thoughts—some vision flits across her brain!
Of aëry images, some dreamy train
Wins her to disregard all things beside;
She, the great Sultan's crowned and honoured Bride!
She sweeps her pale hand o'er her jewelled lute;
Why are the unthrobbing chords still hushed and mute,
As loth to awaken in the stranger's land?
Alas! so tremulously falls that hand,
The slumbering strings scarce murmur, in reply,
Tones like the echo of her own faint sigh!
Till wildly bending o'er those rebel chords,
Her bosomed grief found way, in rushing words.

My lute—my own loved lute! dost thou my soul's
despondence share?
Hast thou, indeed, no gladdening sounds for this
unkindly air?
Oh! breathe one last and passionate strain, of
blessings and farewells;
While in responses faint, but deep, my heart ac-
cordant swells!

And a thousand thousand dreams and thoughts, at
thine every tone shall rise,
Of mine own dear country's flowery plains, and its
blue, rejoicing skies:
Oh! may Happiness for ever dwell, with its tenderest
transports, *there!*
Though, alas for me! that happiness I may not see
nor share!

Let me sing to thee, my own loved lute, of the
bright and joyous Past;
Of those hopes, like birds of Paradise, whose flight
was all too fast;
Of my childhood's old, familiar haunts; of all vanished
things, and dear:
And of all my wild enjoyments *there*, and all my
sorrows *here!*

Let me sing to thee! but changed and sad, my lute,
thy tones seem now;
Burdened with dreamy mournfulness; and dull, and
faint, and slow.
Hath thy soul of Music died away, 'neath a weight of
breathless gloom;
As the music of *my* soul hath died, far from my
happy home?

And yet these broken, murmuring sounds,—these whisperings, faint and low,
Better beseem the outpourings of my wild and wayward woe;
And yet these fitful-moaning strains, these lingering melodies,
Seem more the echoes of my thoughts, the language of my sighs.

And in the shadow of the Past, let me fondly sit, and dream,
Till I hear the very warble sweet, of my own blue, wandering stream;
The low shiver of my casement-leaves, and the tinkling of the bells,
That I hung around your graceful necks, my beautiful gazelles!

Ah! how *could* I keep ye prisoners, then—ye gentle,
gladsome things;
Whose joy was still to shoot along, as on the wind's
swift wings!
But I little knew, *then*, that which now I too well and
wildly know—
The drearniment of a trammelled life—the captive's
feverish woe!

Now, I could not even a wandering bird, to soothe my
griefs, detain;
Nor any breathing thing of life, unpityingly en-
chain:
Too much I 've learned in thee—oh, my Palace-
prison—my proud Tomb—
The misery, the monotony, the horrors of such
doom!

Hark! what sounds of silvery laughter come, light-
floating on the breeze,
From where my Odalisque-companions stray, 'midst
the flowering orange-trees!
Ah! how few, like me, thus bitterly, thus languish-
ingly mourn,
For that severed Land of Love to which they never
can return!

No! they lightly raise the choral song, and weave the
festal dance,
With the summer's rose upon their cheek, and its
day-spring in their glance;
And they bend, in beauty and in joy, o'er the labours
of the loom,
As though 't were nought to pine and wail for the
parted world of Home!

And they tell the thousand Genii-tales, of Magic
and of Love;
And stories frame, of the olden time, in the many-
whispering grove;
And wreathe the jewelled coronet around their queen-
like foreheads fair;
And laugh and play, as 't were a jest to droop
for Home's blest air!

And yet some have come from far-off lands, and
sweet, sweet friends, and dear;
How is it, that so soon have dried the fountains
of Love's tear?
Would they could teach me how to smile, to sing,
and to forget!
Yet, heart of mine! wouldst cancel thus Affection's
hallowed debt?

Alas! until the grave is shut, o'er the passion of
my grief,
I feel—I know 't is vain to hope for solace or relief:
A load is ever on my soul, and a mist before my sight;
I am a weeper now, by day, and a watcher still,
by night!

And ev'n when Slumber's clouds of dewy gloom
have gathered round my head,
Swift-rushing visions of the Past, around me float
and spread;
And in my thoughtful-dreaming ear, a voice for
ever swells,
Breathing caressing tones of Love, and everlasting,
wild Farewells!

Farewells!—and Echo that soft cadence caught,
Doubling the dying sweetness which it brought!

A NIGHT MEDITATION.

NIGHT ! the old, solemn, consecrated Night
Is round me now, in all her conquering might
And sweepy pride of sway ; all the glad dyes
Of day, have melted from the mantled skies—
And the flower-scented, soft, caressing breeze
Hath fallen asleep amidst the cradling trees—
And all this work-day world's hack sounds are o'er,
And all its waves lie smoothed upon the shore :
What touching holiness is in this hour !
In its adoring stillness, what deep power—

And in its thrilling silence! It is *now*,
That most we meditation's reign avow—
And own a bosomed Paradise within;
Unwatched by dread-armed powers—and yet by sin
Undesecrated; for we surely wear
A robe of purity while lingering there:
My soul confesses this imposing thrall,
While like a sea of frozen billows all—
Seems life, frail life to lie, with its brief ties,
Its passions, sorrows, powers, and energies;
My soul consents unto this charmed sway,
That wins the trouble from its dreams away,
And in adoring quietude remains
A captive, fettered by most glorious chains—
Chains, that so tenderly are round it twined,
That it were grief to unlink them, and unwind.

Oh, Night! oh, sphery season of the soul—
When deeper consciousness pervades its whole
Of deep existence—when more liberal scope
Seems granted to the glad flight of its hope;
When it casts down awhile its slough of cares,
To breathe more vigorous, more inspiring airs:
Night! thou bring'st star-tiared thoughts, bring'st white-robed dreams
Unto our spirits!—with their angel gleams
They clear off the earthly mists thick gathered there,
And make them wise, and pure, and calm, and fair:
Yea! and e'en now through my lulled mind doth pass—
Like shapes that overthwart some wizard's glass—
A mute procession of mysterious things,
Moving serene upon their viewless wings;

High phantasies, bright visions, kindling hopes,
Silent as clouds that down the western slopes
Glide calm;—o'er the aëry platforms of my thought
Pass dreamily, as some dim goal they sought,—
To life-like hues of tenderest beauty wrought;
How wonderful! how beautiful is all!—
My soul, well may'st thou bless so bright a thrall.
Oh skies! inscribed with argent charactery;
Oh! holiest meanings in their depths that lie;
Oh! wordless eloquence of all around;
Oh! most consummate harmony without sound;
Oh victory! without wrath, or wrong, or strife—
Deep universe of feeling, and of life;
Oh! mystery of all mysteries—widely spread
About us, while these full, strong hours are sped!

Mystery?—not so! we know what we survey,
E'en in this dungeon-tenement of clay,
We know how to translate this wondrous whole,
And lay its thrice-blessed meanings to our soul.
Yea! all we trembling, yet rejoicing, view,
From yon dread midnight-heaven's deep shadowy blue;
(With stars of trembling light pierced through and through)
To the dim earth, with its wide stretching plains,
Where now such exquisite stillness brooding reigns—
All lights, all shades, all substances, all forms,
All hues, all aspects from the heaven that storms
The sense with splendour of sublimities;
To that sweet gloom, that softly on it lies—

E'en as a weight of rest: yea! earth and sky,
Light, darkness, form,—the wide, the deep, the high—
The near, the distant, the minute, the vast;
The gale's low whisper or the storm's loud blast—
All, all around, beneath, beyond, above,
Can we translate into that one word, Love!

LINES ON AN ENGRAVING,

REPRESENTING

GIPSY CHILDREN IN A STORM.

Meek, gentle things! though joyous, meek;

With radiant eye and downy cheek—

(Cheek without a trace of tears,

In the beauty of their blooming years;

In the sweet season of the rose,

When things unknown, are cares and woes;

In the bright days of the sunny glance,

When Life is but a dazzling trance;)—

How soft your pictured semblance seems

To win us to a World of Dreams!

Lo! each frail and childish form,

Cowering down before the storm,

Whose dark grandeurs oversweep
Earth and air, and sky, and deep;
The hamlet's roofs, the city's towers,
Bastioned walls, and trellised bowers;
The peasant's hut, the chieftain's hall;
Ever the same, to each and all:
All alike your wrath must share,
Storm, that know'st not how to spare!

Lo! each soft and childish face,
Winning yet more touching grace
From the contrast, deep and dread,
Of the scene around them spread.
The Spirits of the Storm might seem
To wail, in some wild tempest-dream.

But ye, bright Innocents! that there
Await returning sunshine fair;
Surely no sounds of dread and wrath
O'erwhelm ye, from the thunder's path?
Surely ye do not, shuddering, hear
Dark messages of gloom and fear?
Though a thousand mighty harmonies
Go, sweeping through the tossing trees;
Though rushing wind and clashing cloud
Make fierce, victorious music loud;
Though all the echoes of the wood
Make answer, with harsh voices rude;
All the echoes of the wood and glen
Join in the sounding chorus then.
If raging lions turned away,
Awed by bright Purity's calm sway,

Of old; well may the storms withdraw
From you their terrors; and the awe
Wherewith, perchance, the human breast
Ever must meet the wild unrest
Of Nature, so be softened down
For you, that scarce your meek hearts own,
E'en in this bleak and troublous hour,
Aught of dim Fear's prevailing power.
Yet, terrible and strong they are—
Those sounds of the elemental war!

Chariot-wheels of charging host;
Wild waves dashed on rock-bound coast;
Multitudinous din of voices,
When some City's soul rejoices;

Distant roar of lions, deep,

In woods, where midnight-shadows sleep;

Roll of doubling drums, or peal

Of clarions, or fierce clash of steel:

These things scarce may likened be,

Regal Tempests, unto ye!

When, with clamour of stern noise,

Ye revel in your whirlwind joys.

How lovely is a little child!

How lovely these wood-children wild!

Around them seems to breathe and move

The very loveliness of Love.

Things cast in an angelic mould!

Lambs of an everlasting fold!

Gems of Humanity's deep mine!

Stars of the Heaven of Heavens divine!

Flowers of a bright Land, far away,

Where Summer holds untroubled sway!

The severed Eden's passage-birds—

Those younglings of Life's crowded herds!

Oh! know ye, know ye all your worth,

Ye living treasures of the earth?

Dear little ones! Oh! know ye all

That doth exalt you, and enthral?

The duties on your state imposed,

The glories to your ken disclosed?

Have ever sacred truths informed,

Have ever solemn precepts warmed?

Or heart and voice been taught to raise

The breath of prayer, the strain of praise?

Poor waifs and foundlings of Life's wild!

Yet all unstained and undefiled,—

I fear such blessedness is not

Reserved unto your wayward lot;

I fear such priceless store of bliss

It hath been yours, to lack and miss.

Yet, citizens of the open air,

Many high lessons wait you there.

Oh! might some deeply gifted seer

Survey you, Nature's nurselings here;

And, in his Victory's hour, unfold

Your history, ever new and old;

(For still Man's wondrous story runs

The same, beneath revolving suns;

Yet, still each separate tale contains

Mysteriously varying veins).

How must he thread perplexing ways,

And fall on strange and startling days—

How must he sound the mighty tide

Of human nature, deep and wide;

And we—although *no* seers, alas!

Perchance too well can guess and glass

Your future and your fate by ours;

Ruled by like passions and like powers.

The history of humanity,

Must be exemplified in ye;

For all its seeds and all its springs

Lie deep in you—young radiant things!

And stems shall shoot, and streams shall flow,

Of Hope, Fear, Joy, Remorse, and Woe;

Through Fancy's orbits wild and strange,
Her labyrinths of ceaseless change;
Through all she hath of dark and bright,
Must we press on, if we aright
Would read this page of beauty, spread
Before us,—and who would not read?

In elder times such woods as these,
Thrilled by the many-scented breeze—
Were haunted by unearthly forms,
Alike in sunshine and in storms—
The leafy solitudes were all
Laid soft beneath a bright spell's thrall;
Naiad and Wood-nymph, Dryad, Faun,
Gladdened each golden eve and dawn;

But never yet on poet-dreams,
Beneath the leaves—beside the streams,
Hath lovelier, tenderer vision shone,
Than this, this most transcendant one:
Even these simple children meek,
With cloudless eye, and blooming cheek—
May we not think, while thus we gaze
On them in this deep verdurous maze—
That guardian-angels round them stand,
Shielding and sheltering on each hand?
Yet guardian-angel need they none,
Save their own purity alone—
And I have often felt, and feel
This gentle fancy o'er me steal—
That little children thus appear,
Themselves like guardian angels near;

Their innocence a spell, to arm

'Gainst every ill, 'gainst every harm.

Bright little band! farewell to ye,

In your verdant temple sanctuary,

Beneath the o'erarched, o'er shadowing tree:

Soon may this storm be cleared away—

And treble splendours gild the day,

And midst life's wilderness of storms,

And dread array of threatening forms;

When gloom and wrath around ye spread,

May still a shade hang overhead—

A shelter rise on either hand,

To guard you, shield you, infant band!

Oh! may you never be without

A refuge from its tempest-rout—

A refuge and a hallowed ark,

From pelting rains and shadowings dark;

From clashing clouds and howling winds—

Which, as the web of life unwinds,

Too oft shall quench the quivering ray

Of hope, that lights your onward way—

One shelter, and one shield be still

Yours, through each threatening harm and ill—

That heavenly shelter from above,

The safeguard of a Father's love!

THE STORY OF SADHU SING.

[The subject is taken from Sir Walter Scott's Tale of "The Surgeon's Daughter."]

Who sits on the earth, all unfriended and lone,
And yet breathing no plaint, and yet making no moan?
Who dwells there in silence, and statue-like calm,
While the Indian heavens blaze, and the air breathes of balm?

Behold ye the Man—the lost Man of Despair!
On a huge tiger's hide, crouching motionless there;
Grim, silent, and hopeless—lone, savage, and wild,
Behold him by dust and by ashes defiled!

His forehead is wrinkled, his eye it is dim,
And his loose, tattered vestments scarce cling unto him;
Behold ye—behold the lost Man of Despair,
On the feast of his agony, revelling there!

Scattered round, stand a few overshadowing trees;
But 't is little he recks of the sun or the breeze;
The very wild beasts shrink back, awed, to their lair,
When they pass near the haunt of the Man of Despair!

There he crouches and cowers in the hot, hot dust,
And his sabre's blade is consumed with the rust:
'T is a tiger's bleach'd skull that lies mouldering near;
Fit trophy it is for that wild place of fear!

There he crouches and cowers, on the desolate ground,
And no wandering, no questioning glance casts around:
'T is not life —'t is not death, in his fix'd fetter'd eye;
But Despair's hopeless, torpid monotony!

Though the earth round him echo—the branches be
stirred,
He upraiseth not eye, and he uttereth not word—
No quickening of pulse, and no quivering of limb,
Proclaim that life still hath a hold on him!

He hath lost his beloved one—his first love and last,
And each dark day he lives through the whole buried
past;
In the present, the future, his heart hath no share—
Oh! when will Death bless thee, lost Man of
Despair?

His eyes shrunk and shrouded in terrible gloom,
Are rivetted still on a low humble tomb;
Doth he wait for its once-worshipped tenant to
arise,
And pass with himself to the far Paradise?

Beside, are a lamp, and a few scattered flowers,
By gentle hands brought form the spice-dropping bowers;
And rice, and a full water-vessel are there,
To cherish the life in the Man of Despair!

Would'st thou hear how 'midst gladness and loud festal glee,
He espoused the child of a dark Sipahêe?
And joyously brought home his long-cherished bride,
Who sate veiled on a gay-harnessed horse by his side!

Be ye sure there was joy—be ye sure there was song,
While the bridegroom and beautiful bride passed along;
And bursts of delight rising frequent and free,
Although *they*—they were speechless with ecstasy!

There were music-strains breathing of hope and of
pride—
While blushes on blushes adorned the dark bride;
While her eyes shone like India's deep exquisite
night—
Where the sun still seems burning, though no longer
bright!

Above them the blue sultry heavens were outspread,
Until langour and weariness weighed down each head;
But a water-spring's soft silvery murmurs rose clear,
Like the whispers of hope to the faint-dreaming ear.

Sadhu Sing hastened on to that bright-glancing spring,
The first pure freshening draught for his Mora to
bring—
Joy—joy riots wild in his full bounding heart,
Joy—joy!—yet 't was pain for that moment to part.

Quick, quick the draught's drawn from the clear
diamond wave,
Her soft lip to cool—and her sweet brow to lave;
And, turning aside from the smooth glistening spring,
Bounds back the young bridegroom—the blest Sadhu
Sing!

Joy, joy! hark! what sound, ah! what sound strikes
his ear?
Where is Mora, his bride? she awaited him here;
Now naught meets his eye but her gay-harnessed
horse,
Rushing riderless past, in a terrified course.

On the one side, that riderless horse scours along,
As by terror impelled—swift, swift, fierce and strong!
On the other—oh, what on the other doth pass?
What ripple is raised on the long reeds and grass?

Hark, what roar of dread triumph, is that which they
hear?
What death-shriek of anguish, of phrenzy, of fear?
What cry of distraction goes thrillingly by?
'T is her voice! 't is herself! must, must she then die?

Sadhu Sing hath rushed on with his sabre upraised,
But his faultering friends stagger, confused and
amazed;
Till aroused by a short roar of savage distress,
Through the entangled thick jungle they hurryingly
press!

What a sight of affliction then bursts on their eyes;
What a dread scene of misery before them doth
rise;
What a pageant of horrors unthought-of, appears;
Too darkly confirming their worst, wildest fears!

The spouse of the morning, in agonized trance,
Glares round with a maniac's fierce meaningless glance:
In his arms—in his arms—lies his ill-fated Bride,
Dead—dead!—and no farewell was breathed ere she died!

A tiger lies wounded and motionless there,
Fell'd down by the dread strength of human despair,
The death-darkened eyeballs look threateningly still;
But his life-blood streams round, in a deep crimson rill!

The Bride-bereaved Bridegroom turned coldly from all;
From his dull, stony eyelid no softening drops fall:
Ah! his grief is a grief, from condolence apart;
Torrid, tearless, and barren 's that desert—his heart!

He dug his Bride's grave, he put up his Bride's stone,
And he sate himself down—there to live, mute and lone;
And he covered her corse with the flowers that grew by;
And he sate himself down,—there to live, and to die!

Yea! he laid her in earth, and he lifted her tomb;
And never stirred more, from that dwelling of gloom;
And never even moved he, his fixed gaze away
From the stone which protected that idolized clay!

Never more did a smile cross his dusk, haggard cheek;
Never more did a sound from his pallid lip break;
Never murmur, nor movement, revealed he had life;
Never symbol, nor sign, shew'd his Spirit's dark strife!

No low-faltered accent, no half-smothered sigh,
No convulsion of limb, no expression of eye,
Ere betrayed to the stranger, the deep, rankling care
That dwelt in the breast of the Man of Despair!

Or only when, chance, from the spice-shedding bowers,
They brought him fresh wreaths of the summer's rich
flowers,
To spread o'er that cherished, that Love-hallowed spot,
Where his Mora reposed—ah! where *he* reposed not!

Fare thee well, thou young Bride! for no more—
Oh! no more,
At the lamp-lighted festival—bright, as of yore—
Shalt thou shine, in thy charms, and thy gladness, and
smile,—
All eyes to enchant, and all hearts to beguile!

No more shall the flowery-wreathed coronal glow
Round that beautiful head, round that innocent brow;
Nor the gorgeous and shell-embossed carkanet shine,
Like a collar of gems, round that proud throat of
thine:

Nor the bright golden-coloured champaka-flowers,
Light thy dark glossy hair with their starry-bright showers;
Nor the armlets and anklets, of red burnished gold,
Clasp thy delicate limbs in their glittering fold!

Fare thee well, thou young Bride!—thou'st left one upon earth,
E'en as deaf as thyself to its music and mirth;
He who sits thus unconscious, and motionless, there—
The Man of the Desert—the Man of Despair!

SONG.

I court gay scenes of pleasure now;
I chase the shadows from my brow;
I strive the careless tone to catch;
The smile of thoughtless glee to snatch!

With jealous skill and anxious care,
I seek the covering mask to wear;
And fain would veil, with subtle art,
Each rebel-movement of my heart!

And not alone when 'mongst the crowd,
Thus do I strive my griefs to enshroud;
But still disown them, still elude,
In mine unbroken solitude!

Not for the crowd such mask I wear;
Nor for their vain opinions care:
They *may*, or they may *not*, believe
It is *myself* I would deceive!

SONNET.

MORNING! bright, blessed Morning! thou dost wear
A heart-revivifying smile—a glow,
That momently beguiles consuming Woe,
And backwards-glancing Memory, and cold Care!
Thou comest like a Vision, deeply fair;
A Poursuivant of thronging Joys! Below,
Nothing so glorious as *thy* face can show:
The colours of a Paradise are there,
E'en on thy front, exultant! What shall match
Thy loveliness, Aurora!—true Heaven-born?
'T is well, thy likeness to the heart to snatch:
Peace, Promise, Hope, Expectancy, adorn
Thine aspect!—thence, Oh let us strive to catch
Bright, heavenward promptings—Beatific Morn!

LINES.

Thou tell'st me, I have rigidly concealed
All, that for worlds I would not have revealed;
That none might scan, that none might dream, nor guess
My secret, silent, passionate distress;
That none might draw the folding veil aside,
Wherewith my voiceless griefs I seek to hide:—
Thou tell'st me, that no token and no tone
Hath ere my spirit's inward workings, shown
That never sign nor symbol hath betrayed
The burthen on my heart, so deeply laid:—
Thou tell'st me this, and I believe it well;
And wherefore, Gentlest Friend, to *thee* will tell;
And thou, too, may'st undoubtingly believe—
For thee, at least, I wish not to deceive—
Concealment is but little pain to me;
Since, to *reveal* 's the impossibility!

SONNET.

It was a quiet hour!—the last, sweet song
Of birds had died away, upon the air;
The scene, a shadowy hue began to wear;—
Then Memory's moonlight-beauty showered along
My Spirit; then brought she back a gentle throng
Of things lamented; dreams, once bright and fair,
Long dimmed and clouded; treasures, pure and rare,
Long lost, long buried!—much, much that the strong
And pitiless hand of Time reft, in his hour
Of spoliation, and of stern decay;
Things that, ev'n with the perfumes of a flower—
The echoes of a song—had pass'd away;
That dark Oblivion press'd on, to o'erpower;—
Then rose they, to dispute awhile her sway!

THE KING OF TERRORS.

It was a low, a rustic grass-grown tomb,
A very altar in the solitude—
Bidding calm dreams around our stilled hearts brood,
All unaccompanied by haunting gloom——
Death! they do surely much mistake their doom
Who call *thee* King of Terrors! What though strewed
Round thee be wrecks of empires—though thy rude
And ruthless hand, too oft the lustrous bloom
Of youth despoileth—yet great Death, thou 'rt *not*
What *they* proclaim thee—it is *Life*, e'en *Life*,
That is the King of Terrors! our dark lot—
Let them review who doubt! its wrongs, its strife,
The miseries, the inflictions, that do blot
Our Fate—our wretched fate, of every darkness rife!

SONNET.

SLEEP! come, with all thy honey-dews, oh come!
Weigh down with rest, these wearied lids at last,
And thy sweet clouds about my temples cast;
Breathe round me all the luxury of thy gloom,—
Oh! let me know the quiet of the tomb,
Without its chill—and bring me bright and fast,
Dear visions, happy visions of the Past!
Hope—a night-blowing flower for *me* doth bloom—
Bring visions of the *Future* too! employ
In dreams of innocent beatitude
My drooping soul, and themes of tenderest joy!
Nor shall it idly o'er such fancies brood;
They shall not fail me, and they shall not cloy;
But leave for waking hours, perchance a calmer mood!

THE END.